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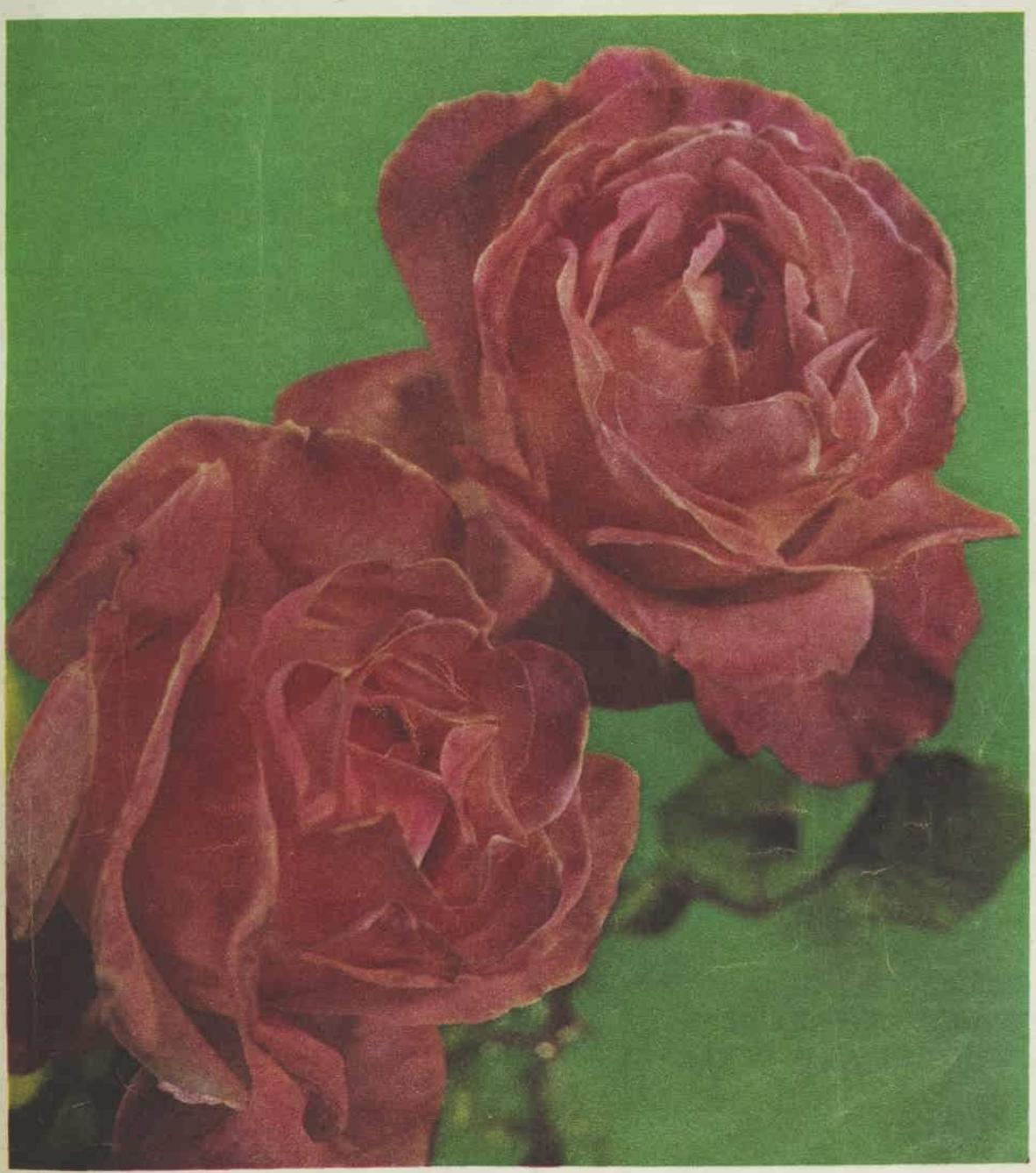
WOMEN'S WEEKLY



NEW ROSE "SOUTH SEAS"
Rose-pruning guide in pictures, pages 36-39

THE PILL: Doctors tell what women want to know about this method of family plannin

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"I couldn't ask for a cleaner wash"

RINSO TALKS WITH MRS. B. CLARKE OF 50 PANITYA ST., STONES CORNER, BRISBANE.

"I challenge anyone to get a cleaner wash than mine! Day after day, wash after wash, things come out as if they'd never been dirty. And Rinso's gentle care saves me a mint in wear and tear."

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Whitest, cleanest washes with RINSO . . . the product recommended by washing machine makers.

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Leopard is the fur personality of the season, says fashion editor Betty Keep (see pages 20 and 21).

SHE proves the point with some glamorous color pictures; among them you'll see a chic little kerchief-shaped beret.

It's an easy style to copy—in "leopard" fur fabric.

You'll need: ½yd. fur fabric, ½yd. 36in. cotton material for lining (not silk, which will slip on your hair).

Cut a triangle—the measurements, which allow for ¼in. seams, are on the diagram below — from the fur. Cut another triangle, ½in. smaller all round, from the lining; the smaller size ensures that the lining won't show.

With the wrong sides of the fur and lining facing each other and matching the edges, pin and then machine-stitch the triangles together. Leave a 4in. gap in the 30in. seam.

Turn the beret right-side out through the gap.

Turn the raw edges in and then carefully close the gap with hand-stitching in line with the rest of the seam.

Press all seams lightly on the lining side.

With the 30in. edge going round your head, put the triangular scarf on . . .

Turn it into a beret by knotting the two pointed ends at the back *under* the third point of the triangle. Tuck the third point out of sight under the knot.

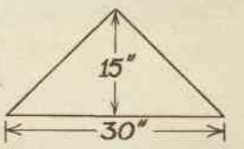

DIAGRAM shows the measurements for kerchief-shaped beret (see page 20).

Our Cover

● Lovely blooms of the new season's hybrid tea rose "South Seas": the rose has long pointed buds of deep shell-pink which become a glowing coral-pink as the blooms open. Our picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Hazlewood Nurseries, Epping, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN artist Albert Tucker (see page 17) feels that Australians are not fully appreciative of their country and that artists still turn too much to Europe.

"The problem facing the Australian artist now is to produce images appropriate to being an Australian in Australia at a particular point of her cultural development," he said.

"There is far too great a reliance on overseas idioms, rather irrelevant to our problems—a 'We can do it, too' attitude which evades his creative responsibility."

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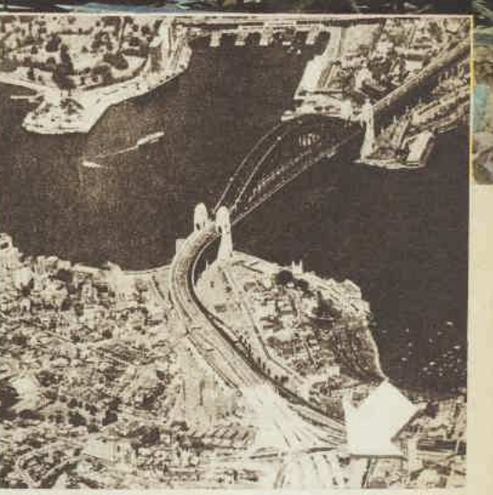
DOOMED MONARCH

NORTH SYDNEY'S grand fig tree stands alone in the area razed for the new expressway.

But new young trees will take its place

● "Progress, spare that tree!" is the anguished plea of many Sydney tree-lovers who want to save a gnarled old monarch of the Moreton Bay family from the civic planners' axe.



ARROW shows its position in relation to the planned expressway lanes and overpass. Construction of the expressway will start at the end of the year, take about three years.

OLD BUT SOLID, the tree has had a host of admirers among motorists crossing the Harbor Bridge since demolitions exposed it to view.

THE fig tree, 80 years old, is at North Sydney, right in the centre of what will be the High Street overpass of the £10,000,000 Warringah Expressway.

Although the Department of Main Roads speaks sternly, it has really been a softie at heart in dealing with the tree.

Now 180ft. tall and measuring 30ft. round the trunk, it used to be hidden from public view by the Orpheum Theatre. It grew up in the fowlyard of "Grantleigh," a former stately old home.

Wreckers took in their stride the job of reducing the picture theatre to rubble, but they paused at the mammoth Moreton Bay fig.

By then the Department's blueprints were unalterable, but it was decided to try to give the tree alternative accommodation.

The Department's landscape consultant, Professor Peter Spooner, Associate Professor of Architecture at the University of N.S.W., rushed to inspect it.

Professor Spooner is particularly well disposed to trees. He is providing designs for grassing and beautifying the 1½-mile expressway area.

But, faced with this tree, he realised there was no way of diverting traffic lanes round it. It is growing where a buttress has to be built for an overpass.

He also faced up to the fact that the old fig has a maximum life expectancy of 30 to 40 years if undisturbed.

"Uprooting it and replanting elsewhere would be fraught with as much danger as performing a delicate operation on an old lady," he said.

"Transplanting could cost several thousand pounds—a lot to spend in giving one tree another 40 years.

"Posterity will be more grateful if we spend it on planting new young trees.

"In 40 years, when the old fig would be dead, anyway, the young trees will be approaching their full beauty."

The Professor's recommendations to the Department for [illegible] way [illegible] a nu[illegible] trees [illegible] enclo[illegible]

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Latest medical survey on

THE PILL

By Rene Lecler, in London

● The greatest medical controversy of this generation began, quietly enough, 13 years ago in an American laboratory. And, as fate would have it, it began with two brilliant people striving for opposite goals through the same means.

BOTH men, Dr. John Rock and Dr. Gregory Pincus, were studying two of the central mysteries of nature: the rhythm of life and the basic process of creation.

Dr. Rock was trying to put this rhythm right when it had gone wrong to enable formerly infertile women to bear children.

Dr. Pincus, on the other hand, was trying to "stop the clock," at least for a time, to save fertile women from too many unwanted pregnancies.

The result was what is known today as "the pill," a tiny tablet which could change the entire family life of millions of people.

The fact that nature works rhythmically, or in cycles, has fascinated and baffled mankind from the earliest times.

The man who, millions of years ago, realised that nature worked in seasons was making the first discovery and ever since our lives have been dominated by this time-clock of creation.

The leaf that falls from the tree enriches the soil and helps to produce another leaf; the coming of lambs in the spring; the salmon leaping back into their ancestral rivers to death and new life—all these are well-known examples of the fact that nature works by the clock.

The human body, the most complicated of all natural mechanisms, is no exception, and its deepest mystery is its own reproductive process.

Forty years ago scientists could only marvel at it.

Chain of events in creating life

Today they know the end result and some parts of the chain of events which lead up to it.

The evidence shows that in a woman's body the pituitary—a tiny gland situated at the base of the brain—produces a substance called gonadotrophic hormone and that this stimulates the ovaries to produce one egg-cell per cycle.

Just how this happens no one yet knows. All we do know is that it happens.

Another hormone secretion, progesterone, then comes into action to prepare the lining of the womb for possible pregnancy if the egg-cell is fertilised.

If it is fertilised, and a number of secondary conditions are fulfilled, pregnancy is established.

Otherwise menstruation occurs and the whole cycle begins again.

To Dr. Rock, back in 1951, it was evident [illegible]en with fertile husbands did not [illegible]s because the whole or part of the cyclical system had not worked properly.

What would happen, he wondered, if an infertile woman was given a dose of a natural hormone similar to progesterone?

After many experiments with animals, which proved that he was on the right track, Dr. Rock began a series of trials with volunteer women who had long failed to conceive.

"Stop the clock" experiments

He found that a state of "pseudo-pregnancy" had been induced and that his patients neith[illegible] ovulated nor menstruated.

But, as soon as the treatment was stopped, the cycle returned to normal and the system having received a shock, or a boost, 16 per cent. of his patients became pregnant shortly afterwards after years of infertility.

Since natural progesterone had to be taken in large and impractical quantities, American chemists were at the same time busy on a process of synthetisation.

From 200 likely substances the scientists eventually chose three steroid compounds derived from the root of a plant growing wild in Mexico.

To Dr. Pincus, Dr. Rock's research and the new synthetic hormones meant something else: the possibility that hormonal treatment might, temporarily, "stop the clock" in normal women.

Backed by the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, he began a long and exhaustive series of experiments, first on animals, then on normal women in Puerto Rico and California.

One pill a day was prescribed from the fifth day after the start of the menstrual period for twenty days.

One or two days after dosage stopped, bleeding occurred, but this was not due to the normal menstrual flow but to the withdrawal of the pill.

A small addition of another hormone, oestrogen, made this loss more regular and relatively painless.

Then, on the fifth day after the beginning of this new "period," the treatment was started again for the next cycle.

Within a few months an impressive body of evidence was available: Dr. Pincus' pill completely prevented ovulation and for the first time a physiological means of contraception had been discovered which prevented reproduction by modifying the time sequences in the body's own functions rather than by the use of an extraneous method.

It was also completely infallible: no woman who followed instructions ever became pregnant during treatment.

The wonder pill, and the ensuing controversy, made headlines all over the world.

To those who had long pioneered the idea of family planning, the pill looked like the dawn of the millennium and a promising way to solve the world's greatest problem: over-population.

All over the world gynaecological experts, biochemists, and social workers began to study the pill and its implications.

In Britain, seven years ago, the Family Planning Association set up its own Council for the Investigation of Fertility Control specifically to study the pill, and its Medical Secretary, Dr. Eleanor Mears, recently told me:

"We have conducted, and are still conducting, clinical tests all over the country, and Britain is the only place where all the results of these tests are centralised for study.

"There is now no doubt at all that the pill is the most efficient form of birth-control yet devised."

In the world today over a million women rely on the pill to plan their families, and in Britain 100,000 women do so regularly under advice from Family Planning Association clinics and their own family doctors.

To this day no one doubts the efficacy of the pill.

But to this day, too, the strangest thing is that no one is yet quite certain just how the pill works.

Only recently Drs. R. L. Holmes and Anita M. Mandl asked in "The Lancet":

"Do they (these oral gestagens) primarily affect the ovary, the pituitary, or the reproductive tract? The functional activity of all three could be modified either directly or by the changes in the general endocrine balance of the body."

Short-term side effects

Because doctors are subject to the same emotional prejudices as the rest of us and because there are a number of genuine medical doubts on the part of experts whose opinions must be respected, it is no wonder that the argument about Dr. Pincus' explosive little pill is still going on.

What should we, ordinary mortals, think?

On one aspect of the pill at least, its short-term side effects, most authorities are agreed.

Since the pill induces a state of pseudo-pregnancy, albeit in the earliest stages, its effects are similar.

A woman taking the pill for the first time might experience a certain amount of pre-menstrual tension, a slight morning nausea, perhaps some abdominal discomfort, and possibly some headaches.

This is a matter of tolerance to the pill and most of these minor side effects disappear after a few weeks.

Very few women find that they have to give up the pill because of such slight drawbacks.

In one recent sequence of clinical trials in the United States only two women out of 150 decided to give up the pill after two cycles because "it did not agree with them."

In Britain such side effects can also be minimised by proper medical supervision, since the eight pills now marketed there have some slight variation in their components.

Is pill safe for everybody?

One particular type, for instance, tends to increase weight in some patients.

Though most doctors agree on the side effects, medical opinion is sharply divided when it comes to contra-indications, i.e., medical reasons why the pill should not be used in certain circumstances.

Dr. Mears told me:

"An international committee which has been studying this question has recently stated that there are no absolute contra-indications to the use of the pill, but we ourselves feel that there might be a few possible ones.

"We would not give the pill to women who have had recent liver disease, for instance.

"We don't know that there would be any harmful effects in such cases, but there are theoretical reasons why use of the pill should be avoided."

Family Planning Association doctors in Britain also agree that the use of the pill should be discouraged among women who are nearing the menopause.

Withdrawal bleeding due to the pill masks the real menstrual flow and at a certain stage it might be difficult to detect whether the patient had gone through the menopause or not.

So far so good, but when I began talking to other doctors about contra-indications I found quite a few who willingly added to the list of cases in which the use of the pill was inadvisable.

One woman doctor, also prominent in the family planning field, told me:

"There is some faint evidence of action on the pituitary and I would discourage the use of the pill in women who have had endocrinological—i.e., glandular—diseases.

"I would also exclude it in cases of high blood pressure and diabetes . . ."

Writing in "The Practitioner" last January, Dr. R. Macdonald, Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the Univer-

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•Is it reliable? •Is it safe for all women?

•Has it any harmful long-term effects?

—Doctors give their views on these and other points

sity of Leeds, said: "A pre-menopausal breast tumor cannot be caused by the pill, but it could be aggravated by its use . . ."

He also stated: "Thrombo-embolism (i.e., the forming of blood clots) is the only risk which is still under serious discussion.

"There is no definite evidence that the use of these drugs influences the incidence, but there is an increased risk in pregnancy, and as the effects of these drugs is to simulate early pregnancy it seems logical to avoid prescribing them if the patient gives a previous history of thrombo-phlebitis . . ."

"A proven boon for many women"

Family doctors, who are likely to be ultimately responsible for the widespread use of the pill or its rejection, are even less unanimous.

Of six GPs I questioned on the subject, three stated that they would not, for a considerable time to come, advise their patients to use the pill, mostly on the grounds that too little is known about its effects, both short- and long-term.

One doctor, with vivid experiences of distress caused by repeated pregnancies and sexual inhibitions, told me that the pill was a last resort.

The last two doctors on my list were all for it.

This ambivalent attitude of many doctors can be explained in several ways.

Dr. Mears remarked to me: "Doctors have the same dislike of new methods as most of us.

"GPs are also very busy and some may not have had time to study oral contraception seriously.

"On the other hand many doctors welcome the pill because it is the first medical method of contraception and they understand this."

Most doctors are perfectly willing to use hormonal compounds to find a solution to infertility because this is one of the positive contributions.

As Dr. Macdonald wrote in "The Practitioner": "Any therapy carries some risk which is accepted during illness, but it is debatable whether the same risk is justifiable for patients who are well . . ."

Another doctor told me: "Prescribing such drugs for a short time as a cure for certain conditions is quite a different matter from consistently using them over the years for non-medical reasons."

Against the possible short-term risks of the contraceptive pill there is an impressive body of evidence of a different nature: the fact that the pill has proved to be a boon for many women.

As another doctor explained: "The pill is accepted far more easily than other methods.

"It is not anatomically personal and is removed from the act of intercourse and as such it can play a big and beneficial part in ending fears, inhibitions, and maladjustments in marriage.

"Many women who are too fastidious or self-conscious to use other contraceptive methods find that for them the pill is the solution."

The final, and hard to answer, argument of the family planners about birth-control applies even more strongly to the pill.

As Dr. Mears put it to me succinctly: "Every child has a right to be born into a home where it is wanted and parents, too, have a right to plan their families for the best according to their lights.

"If the pill is for some the most acceptable method, who is to say no? It is a matter for personal decision."

Where the future of Dr. Pincus' revolutionary discovery enters a different plane is in its possible effects on the balance of the human body in the long run.

Here the controversy grows white-hot and here, too, nobody knows the right answers.

When I asked Dr. Mears about the long-term effects of the pill, she told me: "All we can do is to watch for them. *So far* we have found nothing to get alarmed about . . ."

But with a form of contraception which may eventually be used by millions of women all over the world this, for some doctors, is not quite good enough.

Most of the arguments about long-term effect revolve around the action of hormonal pills on the pituitary, the smallest but the most important gland in the human body, which acts as governor to all the others.

When I asked a pro-pill doctor about this

> ● ***This article deals with the medical aspects of the oral contraceptive pill, as seen by British doctors who have studied its use. The article does not set out to give opinions on moral or religious attitudes toward birth control.***

I was told: "The pill is bound to affect other endocrinological functions, but the strange thing is how little it *appears* to interfere."

Yet there is some evidence — although not fully conclusive—that hormonal drugs can have dangerous effects.

Experiments with rats in 1944, 1956, and 1962 in America and Japan showed that progesterones and oestrogens definitely created an enlargement of the pituitary gland.

Tests were made on animals

And even the cautious Drs. Holmes and Mandl echoed this in their "Lancet" article:

"On the evidence, it is impossible to say whether or not oestrogens and orally active gestagens will produce changes in the human pituitary comparable with those observed in rats and mice; but it seems prudent to assume, until the contrary is proved, that the possibility exists."

One prominent Harley Street gynaecologist who is a consultant at a famous London hospital had no doubts about this risk and she told me:

"Trials with drugs of this nature on animals have been going on for forty years and there have been instances of pituitary cancer and pituitary enlargement which can cause blindness.

"Interfering with nature's cyclical rhythms can carry heavy penalties and such changes are often irreversible."

Summing up the pros and cons

In defence of her argument she quoted one of the world's most brilliant biochemists, Sir Charles Dodds. Here I quote three passages from a paper he recently read to the Society of Endocrinology:

"There is ample data to show that similar treatments, which are in effect upsetting the hormonal status of the animal, do have irreversible effects in more prolonged experiments."

"Despite the fact that no evidence of harmful effects of the use of . . . oral contraceptives is yet available, I cannot help feeling . . . that one can only approach the question of their use for long periods with considerable trepidation . . ."

"It may be dangerous to interfere with rhythmical processes, and turning to the question of clocks—biological or otherwise —all expert horologists agree that even if you understand the mechanism of a clock, provided it is going well, it is much better to leave it alone, but that to interfere with its mechanism if you do not understand it can be disastrous . . ."

The controversy about the long-term effects of the pill could therefore be summed up in this way:

The pro-pill group say: "We don't know that there will be any effect. We can only be watchful."

The anti-pill faction reply: "If we don't know, it means that the risk may exist. So why take it?"

Yet, when all the doctors and scientists in the world have had their say, there are still enough explosive emotional issues contained in that little pill for sociologists, psychologists, and church leaders to start a battle of their own.

Few would go as far as the American writer who recently exclaimed that with the contraceptive pill we were "hellbent on a race toward riskless pleasure, crumbling marriages, and unlimited promiscuity . . ."

The very opposite may well be true, but today the efficacy of the pill creates a need for personal reassessment of many values.

To put some of the arguments of this moral and social controversy in their proper light, I approached a prominent Harley Street psychologist who has had considerable experience in the field of marriage and sexual relations.

I asked him: Would the widespread use of a completely effective birth-control method ever mean that women would lose the habit of producing children?

He laughed that one out of court right away.

"The reproductive urge is the strongest of all in human nature," he said.

"All women have it.

"To procreate is to live, to fulfil oneself in the widest sense of the word, and I can see no risk at all of women *en masse* ever ceasing to wish for offspring, pill or no pill."

He saw the pill, if widely used, as an important factor in the strengthening of marriage because it offered a chance of more complete, more frequent, and less inhibited union of husband and wife.

"Only a certain proportion of marriages break up through illicit sexual adventures," he told me.

"A far greater number are ruined by indifference and the absence of a proper and balanced emotional relationship between partners."

Contrary to many birth-control experts he saw little chance of the contraceptive pill leading to a significant reduction in the illegitimacy rate.

His experience, with teenagers particularly, showed that they rarely used contraceptives even when they knew of their existence and had access to them.

"Recklessness and the desire to challenge chance are part and parcel of youth," he told me, "and the fact that we now have a 100 per cent. 'safe' contraception method is not going to change that."

But he did see a change in most people's approach to sex which might lead to a more wholesome, less hypocritical attitude.

He could also foresee the emergence of a new consequence of the pill—again if it is widely used: an increase in a woman's influence over the family fortunes.

As he put it to me: "A majority of contraceptive methods are male methods.

"With the pill, it's the other way round, and women, who bear the greatest responsibility in the bringing up of children, will have an additional and ultimate responsibility on whether to have another child or not . . ."

Which, perhaps, ought to please the feminists among us!

The story of Dr. Pincus' little pill does not end here by any means.

"Unprecedented personal decisions"

Its influence for good in a world facing the spectre of over-population can be enormous.

The risks which are implied in its long-term use are heavy, too—perhaps too heavy for some.

As for ourselves, in the developed countries of the world, we can perhaps afford the luxury of turning the pill into a moral argument.

But the decision remains with us.

The last few decades, filled with so much brilliant scientific p[illegible] as individuals with [illegible] decisions to make [illegible] capital punishment [illegible] the little pill now [illegible] them.

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JACKIE'S NEW HAIRDO

NEW HAIRSTYLE worn by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the late President John F. Kennedy, recalls the pageboy hairdo. Like most women, she varies the style. When visiting her brother-in-law Teddy Kennedy after his recent injury in an air accident, she wore a head-scarf, no fringe. Mrs. Kennedy is pictured on the front steps of her three-storeyed Georgian house in Washington, where she recently returned to live with her children, Caroline, 6, and John, 3. She first lived there as a bride in 1953. Soon she will move to New York, where her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Lawford, both have apartments.

NEXT WEEK

HOW TO BE LOVABLE

A woman can have mousy hair, the wrong vital statistics — and still be a spellbinder . . .

That's what the men say.

Men know.

And men (from 16 to 64) *tell* you how to be lovable . . . how to be the girl of his dreams.

★☆★

"The Wasp" — by URSULA CURTISS

All around, the sinister buzzing of wasps . . .

. . . and a young widow, enmeshed in fear, is sent to near-hysteria.

Eeeekkk! Don't miss the first suspenseful instalment of our new Ursula Curtiss serial.

★☆★

A reader's story: I conquered "nerves"

A family shock . . . her husband's illness . . . money worries: all these combined took one of our readers to the terrifying place she describes as "the black abyss of nerves."

She conquered her problems realistically. Now, she says, "I feel impelled to set down my experiences in the hope that other women might benefit."

★☆★

Everything's APPLES

. . . in our cookery section! And with apples at their delicious best now, our dessert recipes mak the most of them

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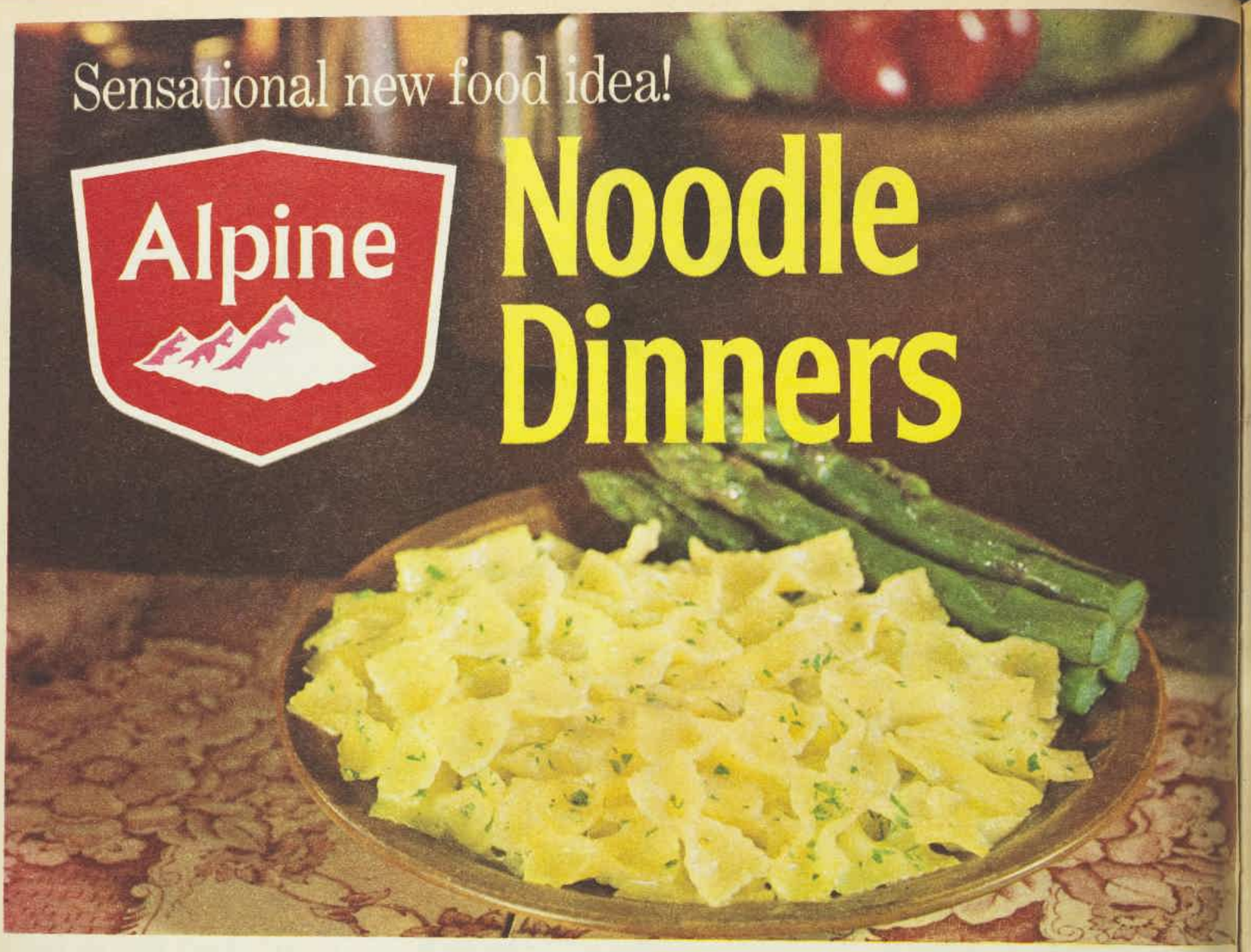
Sensational new food idea!

Alpine

Noodle Dinners



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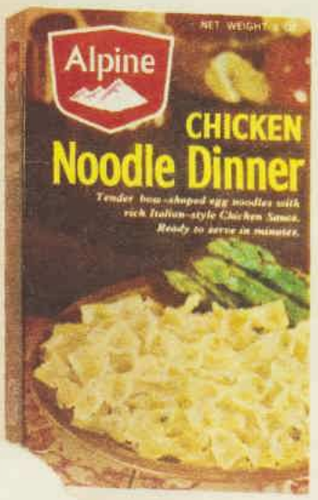
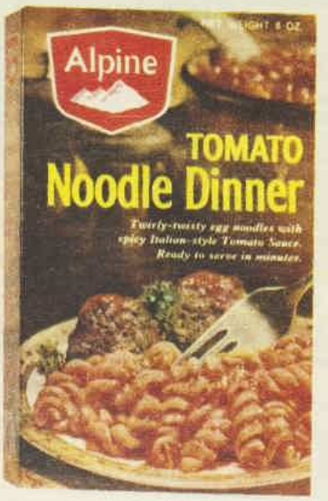
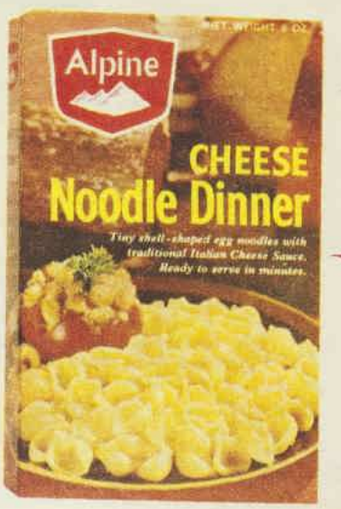
CHICKEN Tender bow-shaped egg noodles with delicious Italian-style chicken sauce.

TOMATO Twisty-twirly egg noodles with spicy Italian-style tomato sauce.

CHEESE Tiny shell-shaped egg noodles with rich traditional Italian cheese sauce.







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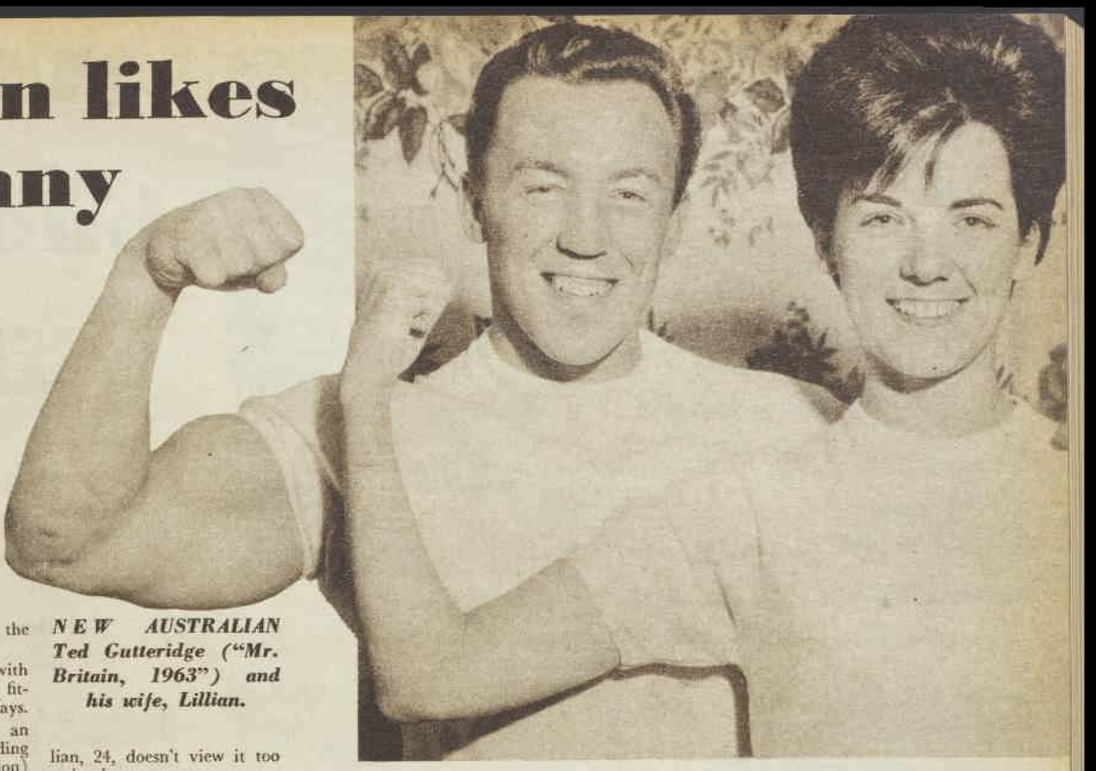
Mr. Britain likes a nice sunny climate

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● English weather is the biggest possible boost to the Australian migration scheme, according to New Australian Ted Gutteridge — "Mr. Britain" of 1963. Even weightlifting didn't keep him warm through a northern winter.



NEW AUSTRALIAN Ted Gutteridge ("Mr. Britain, 1963") and his wife, Lillian.

"THE North Sea froze one winter. That's when we decided to leave," he said.

"We didn't even think about it twice—we filled in the forms next day."

"Mr. Britain," who was also named "1964 Body-builder of the Year," arrived in Sydney last month with his wife, Lillian, and 14-month-old daughter, Lesley.

The family waited for more than a year to migrate after filing their applications.

Now they're settled in a roomy flat in Greenacre, N.S.W.—right across the street from two friends from their home town, Whitley Bay, near Newcastle.

Richard and Beryl Burden, with their two-year-old son Gary, decided to migrate with the Gutteridges, and settled in Sydney just before Christmas.

"Kings Cross is like Soho," Ted commented.

"We didn't think Sydney would be so busy—it's just like London, with all the traffic."

He's now working with Richard as an electrical fitter for the N.S.W. Railways.

Ted, 28, first took an interest in bodybuilding (along with Rugby Union) when he was 17, and after only five weeks' training took second place in the Junior Mr. North Britain contest.

His ambition is to set up a health studio in Australia.

Jazz cellar

In England Ted ran two health studios—he started the second after the local council decided to put a new road through the old building where he first held his fitness classes. (The first studio even included a jazz cellar, "The Muscle Inn.")

Women as well as men came to the studios for instruction, but Ted met Lillian at a dance—not across a set of barbells.

In spite of all Ted's enthusiasm for training, Lillian, 24, doesn't view it too seriously.

"Good for a laugh," she said with a twinkle in her grey eyes.

But Ted's theories proved themselves in 1960, when, after a few months' training, he coaxed Lillian to enter a beauty contest and she was named Miss North Britain.

"Most of the beauty queens in England train with weights now," Ted said.

He explained the mysterious benefits of different kinds of weights: athletes lift heavy weights to put on pounds, but beauty queens lift light weights to work off excess poundage.

A former weightlifting champion of northern Britain, Ted can lift up to 280lb. in weights — that is, about two and a half times Lillian's weight.

His friend Richard built his weight from 6st. 5lb. in several years of weightlifting to just over 12st.

Ted and Richard agreed that since their economic position was good in England, it was the climate that persuaded them to leave.

"The last couple of summers we hadn't been able to go to the beach at all," Ted said. "That's what we came here for—some sunshine."

Richard said: "We wanted to live in a climate where we could get outdoors with our children.

"We hear that the rest of our old crowd in England just lately have bought rubber suits to go swimming."

FRIENDS of the Gutteridges, who migrated with them from northern England, are Richard and Beryl Burden, now of Sydney.

An aboriginal boy looks back

● "According to the legend of our people," wrote 15-year-old part-aboriginal Keith Morgan, of Coraki, N.S.W., "our great ancestors came fom the sea. No one knows where they came from."

KEITH MORGAN

KEITH, son of Mr. Jim Morgan, a full-blood member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, won first prize in the 14-21 years section of an essay competition organised by the National Aborigines' Day Observance Committee.

The aim of the committee is to stimulate community interest in aboriginal problems and, through the essay competition, to highlight aboriginal abilities.

The theme of the essay, restricted to aboriginal and part-aboriginal young people, was "My Ancestors, the Aborigines."

The competition was sponsored by the Rural Bank of N.S.W.

In his essay Keith said the only thing known of the aborigines' ancestors was that three brothers, Yarbirri, Mamoom, and Birrung, came in canoes with their wives and children and landed at what is now known as Evan's Head.

They rested before moving north, but, in the excitement of leaving, the old grandmother was left behind on the beach.

"To our ancestors the name of Evan's Head was Gummingarr," he wrote. "The aboriginal word for grandmother is Gummy. So perhaps the place named Gummingarr originated from this incident."

The three families landed again on the beach between Byron Bay and Ballina.

"There is a patch of black rocks on the beach," Keith wrote. "This marks where our ancestors landed.

"Yarbirri (the eldest brother) got out his hunting spear and drove its fire-tempered needlepoint hard into the sand. When he pulled it out, clear water gushed out of the sand . . . To this day at low tide a rusty stain can be seen in the white sand where Yarbirri drove his spear.

"To our ancestors this was a landmark since time immemorial."

Rules of life

The three families went still farther north. But at Brunswick Heads they agreed to separate. Yarbirri went north, Mamoom west, and Birrung south.

"It is then said that before they parted they planned that every boy must be taught (by the elders) the laws and ways he must live, the crime and penalty — must go through periods of fasting to prepare for hard times."

Some of the teachings, Keith said, were that a real man should never complain, must be kind, hospitable, self-supporting, not greedy, always ready to take his own part or the part of the weak, must respect other people and their property.

"After a fight one of the men should offer his shield to his opponent as an exchange for his. If his offer was accepted it would mean they would be friends again and no more hard feelings.

"The aged were the responsibility of the community.

"If a hunter found a bees' nest in a tree he must make sure the tree was unmarked before attempting to get the honey. If the tree was marked at the butt with a tomahawk it meant it belonged to someone else and must not be touched."

Keith ended his essay: "These and many other rules were made and practised by our ancestors long before the coming of the white men."

Winner of the under-14 section, part-aboriginal Malcolm Davis, 11, of Forster, N.S.W., was in hospital nursing an arm broken at football when he heard of his win.

Malcolm contrasted the ways aborigines lived last century and today.

His essay ended: "Aborigines are no longer uncivilised outcasts. They are people with character who have strived hard toward a better future.

"We are proud of those who have achieved so much and hope that in the coming year the aborigines will become more absorbed into the mainstream of Australian life."

Mr. Donald McLean, of the N.S.W. Education Department, judge of the competition, said it was pleasing to note the dual pride shown by the young essayists, both in their origins and in the modern world into which they were born.

As prizes the boys were given a five-day coach tour to the Snowy Mountains and Canberra. [illegible] colm will [illegible] trips till t[illegible] ber school [illegible]

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Where the budgerigars fly free

NESTING pair of budgerigars on a dry-country gum tree. They will nest in any hole or hollow in the tree.

● *"As Australian as a gum tree"* is a good old saying; and among gum trees the coolibah deserves some pride of place since it lives in the song "Waltzing Matilda." But there is something else as typical of the far outback — the budgerigar.

IT was probably the famous naturalist John Gould who introduced these tiny parrots to England about 1840. Because they make such friendly, talkative pets, they are now to be found in homes in most parts of the world.

But just as a work of art first designed for a cathedral or a stately home loses something when it becomes entombed in a museum, the budgerigar loses when seen only in a cage. It is in the dry inland that the bird lives its true vibrant life.

The waterhole in summer has its regular visitors. A new well or windmill soon attracts flocks as they move across the countryside searching for food.

During a dry season the frantic birds will even land on one's arms and drink from a cupped hand, as happened to me on one desert trip.

With the coming of the rains the birds seek nesting hollows. Any tree will serve provided it has a hollow.

One year I camped on a river flat dotted with beautiful white coolibahs; to see a green head poking out of each nesting hole was a striking sight.

Yes, a budgerigar in the shade of a coolibah tree is unforgettable.

— VINCENT SERVENTY

IN FLIGHT. In their natural state their coloring is yellow and green only. The many colors among caged birds are the result of fanciers' selective breeding.

AT RIGHT: A flock circles, about to land at a tank overflow near the Nullarbor Plain. At waterholes the birds' calls sound like the murmur of a waterfall.

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A DEAD TREE COMES TO LIFE, clothed in budgerigars. Mr. Serventy, the Western Australian naturalist who took this picture and those on the facing page, mentions seeing a flock totalling half a million. They are delightful to see, he says, running nimbly among the grass tussocks in search of seeds, and Nature has few sights as impressive as a great flock on the wing.

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WHEN OTHER SUDS ARE DEAD AND GONE
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the cleanest clean under the sun
is FAB CLEAN

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AFTER their marriage at Riverview College Chapel on July 30, Margaret Donohoe and Brian Robinson will spend a week holidaying in the country before sailing on August 8 for a five-week honeymoon in Fiji, Honolulu, and Tahiti.

Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donohoe, of Centennial Park, who will welcome 150 guests to the reception at the Wentworth Hotel.

Unfortunately, the Donohoes' elder daughter, Eileen, will miss the wedding, as she's holidaying in London, but Margaret and Brian are hoping to receive a telephone call from her at the reception.

Margaret will be attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Donohoe, Marie Lou Wolfensberger, and Arna-Maria Winchester.

Brian, who is the son of Mr. Norman Robinson, of Woollahra, and of the late Mrs. Robinson, will have Barry Clinton, Bill Taylor, and John Beaumont as his attendants.

★ ★ ★

FROM England comes news of Dibbs and Mary Mather-Brown, of West Hampstead. They're receiving congratulations on the birth of their first child, a son, whom they've named William after Mary's father, Mr. W. B. Bailey-Tart. Incidentally, Mr. Bailey-Tart and his wife will leave here by air on July 16 for a fortnight's holiday in Noumea.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the diamond engagement ring being worn by Margaret Martin-Smith, who has just announced her engagement to Jock Litchfield, of "Glenfinnan," Nimmitabel. The ring, an heirloom, originally belonged to Jock's great-grandmother, and he and Margaret had it redesigned so that the centre diamond is now surrounded by eight smaller ones. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Martin-Smith, of Cooma, and Jock is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Litchfield, of "Murringully," Cooma. They plan to marry in Canberra next Easter.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. LES HOOKER will leave by air on August 9 for three months overseas. They will holiday in Beirut before going on to Europe and America, and will arrive in Japan in time for the Olympic Games in October. They plan to tour Hong Kong before returning home.

I HEAR that Air-Commodore and Mrs. W. H. Garing and their daughters, Phillipa and Deidre, will be arriving in Sydney shortly to make their home on the North Shore. Air-Commodore Garing, who is Air Officer, South Australia, was well known here when he was A.O.C. at the R.A.A.F. Base, Richmond. He is retiring from the R.A.A.F. at the end of this month.

★ ★ ★

MR. and MRS. ARCHIE ROBERTSON will be flying to New Zealand in September to attend the wedding of Mrs. Robertson's son, Tony Crossing, to Diana Irvine. Mrs. Robertson's mother, Mrs. Ray Borthwick, of Walcha, will also make the trip, and they will tour New Zealand before going on to Havelock North, where the wedding will be held at Wordford House Chapel on September 4. Diana, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Irvine, of "Brenchley," Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, has been living in Australia for two years and until recently was nursing at Hay Hospital. She and Tony will spend a skiing honeymoon in New Zealand before returning to make their home at "Mungadal," Hay.

★ ★ ★

WITH good snowfalls and mainly fine weather in the Alps many Sydney and country people are holidaying at Perisher Valley, Thredbo, and other resorts. Graham and Kay Fairfax, along with Rob Broadbent and Veronika Brunhoff, are spending a week at Thredbo with Geoff and Mary Ashton. And at Perisher Val and Peter Grogan are enjoying the law vacation skiing with Marie and Len Hattersley.

★ ★ ★

SNOW fashions always vie for honors, but easily the winner—for this month, anyhow—is Mrs. Sid Griff, who is holidaying with her husband at their lodge, "Kooroonda," at Thredbo. She bought much of her wardrobe, which includes a striking pair of French black-and-white-striped ski pants, on a recent trip to Europe. I particularly like her fabulous Otto Lucas lynx ski hat. Mrs. Griff describes it as a "glamorous Dacy Crockett hat," as it has a detachable tail, which she uses on more formal occasions as a scarf.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a round of farewell parties, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Finckh will sail in the Arcadia on July 17 for a year overseas. They're taking their children, Martin, Geoffrey, and Andrew, with them and will spend eight months in America, where Dr. Finckh will do research work at the Rockefeller Institute before going on to England, where he will work at Cambridge University. In London Mrs. Finckh will be met by her sister, Dr. Margaret Llewelyn, who has been overseas for the past two years and at present is holidaying in Spain.

ABOVE: Mr. Stephen Harrison (left), Miss Jenny Sturton, and Mr. Bruce Hayman at the wine-tasting which The Kings School Old Boys' Union Dance Sub-Committee held at the Douglas Lamb cellars. Final plans were discussed for the Union's annual dance at the Trocadero on July 30.

AT RIGHT: Mr. David Price and his bride, formerly Miss Julie Gavel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Gavel, of "Boothenba," Dubbo, after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Creel Price, of "Allonby," Blayney. The couple will live at Woodstock.

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AMONG GUESTS at the Eternal Childhood Foundation's First 400 Dinner Dance at Chequers were, ABOVE, Mr. and Mrs. James McKeon (on left) with Lord and Lady Portarlington, AT RIGHT, Mr. and Mrs. John Paull, and, BELOW, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Dekyvere (couple on left), and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Graham. Mrs. McKeon, who is president of the Foundation, welcomed the guests to the dinner. Proceeds of the night will aid the New South Wales Council for Mentally Handicapped Children.

LONDON WEDDING. Mr. Anthony Hawks and his bride, formerly Lady Kara King-Tenison, daughter of the late Tenth Earl of Kingston and of Mrs. Woodford, of Kenya. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. P. A. Hawks, of Wiltshire, England (formerly of Yetholme, N.S.W.), and of the late Flight-Lieut. Hawks.

ABOVE: The Duchess of Bedford (left) with the Hon. Mrs. Simon Warrender, of Toorak, at the London preview of Sidney Nolan's Ned Kelly paintings, which are part of a permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in Melbourne, of which Mrs. Warrender is chairman. They will also be shown in New York,

DEBUTANTES Miss Jasmine Mates (left) and Miss Anne Bourne with their partners, Mr. John McGeachie (left) and Mr. Russell Hay at the S.C.E.G.G.S. Blue and White Ball, which was held at the Trocadero.

AT RIGHT: The Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Gilroy, with the State president of the Catholic Women's League, Mrs. Wal Chandler, and Mrs. John Gallagher (right) at the garden reception which the League held at "The Swifts," Darling Point.

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Worth Reporting

CITY women will pale and country women will chuckle at the problems of city-bred Mona Anderson, who set off as the manager's bride to help run one of New Zealand's largest and most remote sheep stations.

Imagine the looks of shocked surprise when the Christchurch-born bride mentioned "maiden wethers" in an attempt to impress her husband's friends!

"A River Rules My Life" (published by A. H. and A. W. Reed) is Mrs. Anderson's remembrance of 23 years at 100,000-acre Mount Algidus Station, just beneath the snow-capped alps of the South Island.

She writes of the ties that bind men to the land and neighbor to neighbor in an area that can be isolated at a moment's notice at the whim of the flooding Wilberforce River.

Shopping was one problem: there was no quick trip to the corner store.

Stores were ordered only once a year — flour and sugar by the hundredweight, along with 30lb. of baking-powder.

In the best traditions of country hospitality, the homestead seemed rarely to be without some guest or a gang of shearers to feed.

Ironing dry and then mailing the Christmas cards caught in a flood, mothering sheep dogs too old to work, spending days rained-in in a back hut, giving dancing lessons to back-country men to the tune of two old records — life wasn't dull.

★ ★ ★

THE "what is" craze followed hard on the heels of Tom Swifties and elephant jokes.

One we like goes: "What is round and red and goes 'putt, putt'?"

An outboard apple of course . . .

The young crusaders

RECENTLY, nearly 200 young people left capital cities all over Australia for a weekend in the country.

Not for huntin', shootin', and fishin', and not all together.

They were members of the Scripture Union (an interdenominational movement dedicated to helping people read and understand the Bible), who had divided themselves into teams, and in two hectic days visited 100 country centres, giving 12 meetings in each centre.

Joined by 800 other young country people, the union members spoke at teenage meetings, women's groups, and church services, explaining the Scripture Union's Bible reading method.

The union members do these trips every year for National Scripture Union Week, celebrated throughout the Commonwealth and in South-east Asia.

Yvonne Barrett . . . 7 years a trouper.

Broadway's her goal

"THERE'S No Business Like Show Business" is one of the songs in 17-year-old Yvonne Barrett's repertoire. It might well be her personal theme song.

Yvonne, a pretty singer and dancer from Braybrook, Victoria, says: "I love EVERYTHING about the theatre. We work odd hours, but it doesn't worry me. I've never known a nine to five job — and it's wonderful to be able to sleep in in the mornings."

The young entertainer is already a trouper of seven years' stage experience. At 10, she was appearing in pantomimes. Two years later she joined the "Swallows Juniors" and danced with the company in a Melbourne TV show, "My Dance," for three years.

Then came "The Sound of Music"—a musical in which Yvonne had the role of Louise—one of the famous Trapp children.

"I loved playing in this show — it's my favorite," Yvonne said.

"We had a wonderful time, but I was only able to play in Melbourne as I was under age and could not travel with the rest of the cast interstate."

Since "The Sound of Music," Yvonne has played roles in "Carnival," "Wild Cat," and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off."

Yvonne hopes to go to New York eventually and work in musicals there. And perhaps meet her favorite entertainer, Sammy Davis Jnr.

"I think he's brilliant," she said. "His characterisations — his terrific audience appeal — he's a complete star.

"I want to be a top musical-comedy star, too, of course.

"And there's one role I'd LOVE to play — Gypsy in the show based on the life of Gypsy Rose Lee."

AMERICAN actress Carroll Baker on location in Kenya for her new film, "Mister Moses," gives a practical lesson in nail lacquering to a Masai girl. The African girl seems taken with the nail varnish, but we wonder if the actress would dare try those earrings.

His name is Sam Hutt and he's 6ft. 5in. tall. So, of course, he's known as "The Little Hut." A British medical student, Sam's been bitten by the stage bug, and he opens shortly at a London theatre in a new version of "Beyond The Fringe."

His tiny friend is Moyha Lennon-Pierce, one of London's youngest — and smallest — theatrical agents.

The fact that Sam seems to give her a permanent pain in the neck from gazing into his eyes doesn't worry her — they're going to be married soon.

Love Letters

Hovis Bread presents number 5 in a series of famous love letters for your enjoyment.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE (Verona, November 23, 1796): I don't love you an atom; on the contrary, I detest you. You are a good for nothing, very ungraceful, very tactless, very tatter-demalion. You never write to me; you don't care for your husband; you know the pleasure your letters give him, and you write him barely half a dozen lines, thrown off anyhow.

How, then, do you spend the livelong day, madam? What business of such importance robs you of the time to write to your very kind lover?

Truly, my dear, I am uneasy getting no news from you. Write me four pages immediately, and some of those charming remarks which fill my heart with the pleasures of imagination.

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OFF-STAGE WITH LA SUTHERLAND

Joan's new home in London

JOAN SUTHERLAND and her husband, Richard Bonynge, work on a new score together in the music-room of their new house.

By BETTY BEST, in London.

● Australian-born opera star Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, plan really to enjoy their new London home — when they have time.

A ROOMY, Victorian house in the same square they have been in for years, it has a special playroom for their son, Adam.

So famous a singer as Joan has naturally little time for domesticity — and her busy 1964 will be followed by her homecoming to Australia in 1965, with a tour scheduled to begin after she arrives in mid-July.

At one stage she was beginning to fear she'd just never move into the new house — it would simply never be ready.

"From our old flat, just down the road, I seemed to watch the work go on for years, feeling 'so near and yet so far'," she said.

"But it's less than two years since we bought it.

"Now at last we know it's there to come home to."

Builders and decorators worked on the new house during Joan's and Richard's tours of Italy and the States last year, and got some of their treasures settled in.

But there was still plenty to do before it finally became "home."

But now Joan and her husband, who is her chief voice coach as well as frequently her conductor, do a great deal of the preparatory work for her appearances at home together.

The music-room piano is always loaded with books and scores.

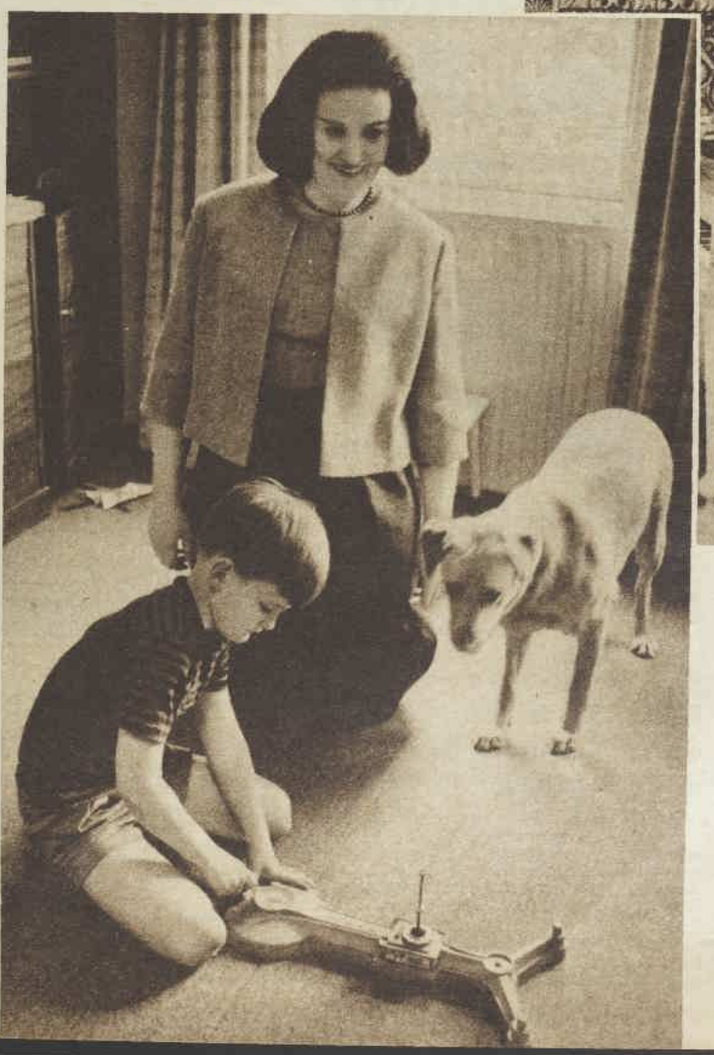
The new home also gives Joan a chance for some outdoor life with Adam, with whom she loves to swim and sunbake.

Holidays

"And I feel happier now that Adam also has a small garden in London and a house he can call his own."

The house, in Kensington, has a beautiful view across Cornwall Gardens Square, with its old church.

Joan usually takes her holidays at their villa on the shores of Lake Maggiore, in Switzerland, where the fresh air and sunshine remind her of Australia and are like a tonic for her voice.



RICHLY decorated drawing-room on the first floor of the Bonynges' new home. They are keen collectors of paintings, autographed opera scores, and 18th-century books.

PLAYROOM for son Adam and his dog when English weather drives them indoors. Sutherland enjoys having a game with Adam — who as you see inherits his mother's strong chin.

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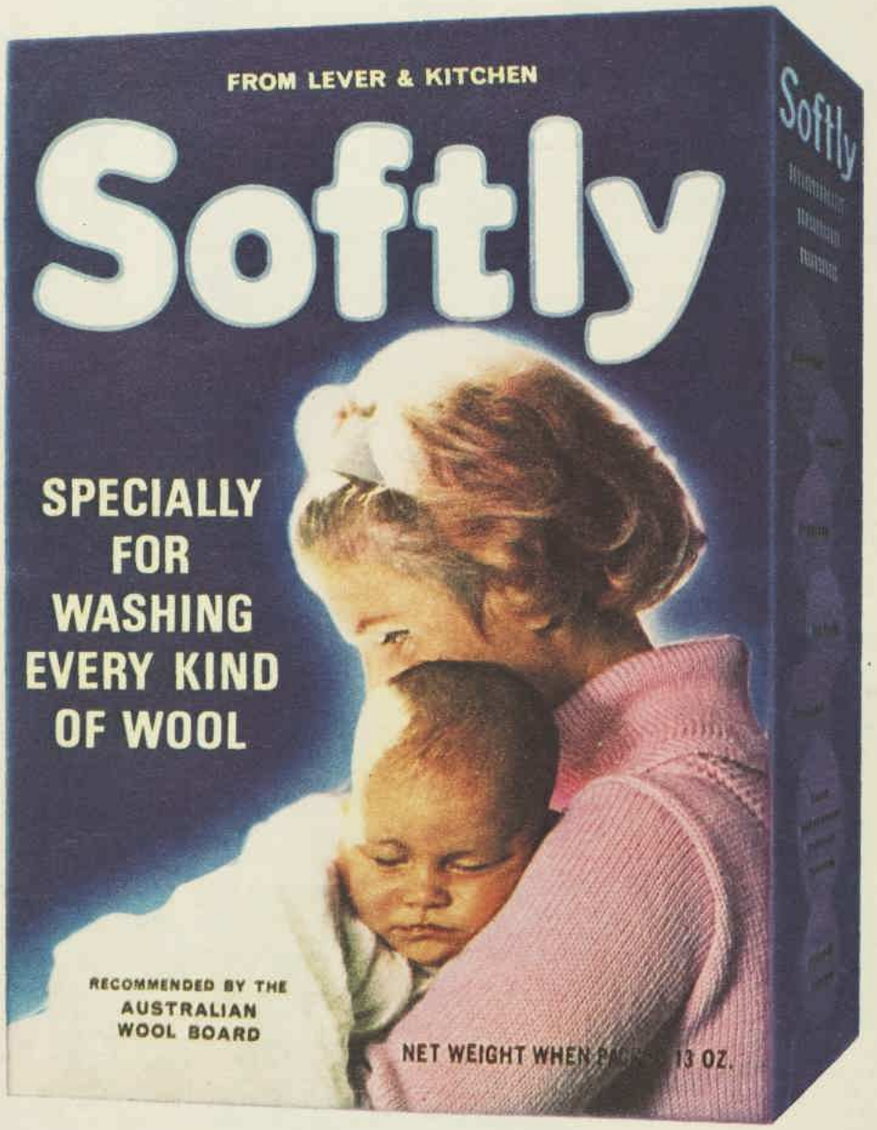

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Kitten-soft and baby-fine. Keep it that way . . . with *Softly*.

MOHAIR . . .
Long-haired luxury, silky-light. Keep it that way . . . with *Softly*.

Wool is safe in *Softly!* So safe that the Australian Wool Board recommends you to use this remarkable new powder for every kind of wool. Quite a recommendation! In fact, *Softly* is the first product recommended by the Australian Wool Board. You'll know why the very first time you use *Softly*. Woollens come out of the wash in perfect shape, feeling beautifully soft and supple. Now you can wash woollens you've never dared wash before . . . in *Softly*.

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ARTIST ALBERT TUCKER

Home—and loves it

● "I suppose I have always had a love-hate relationship with Australia, but now I am back after a long absence, and immersed in it, the love side is uppermost," said artist Albert Tucker.

"HERE I can see a unique world of images which I can work on for the rest of my life. Indeed, I feel this as a responsibility to be responded to with passion.

"It's the only way I can make sense of my life and work.

"These things were always there to be seen and heard, but I was too close to them before I went away and they made no impression.

"I was like all other Australians, I took it all for granted. I don't now."

A typical Tucker painting, "Gippsland Explorer," is reproduced in color on pages 42 and 43 in this issue.

The painting is one of seven new landscapes, typical of present-day Australian art, specially commissioned for the Viscount Collection by Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd.

The collection is being shown in every Australian capital city, and possibly in leading country centres as well.

Each painting is also being reproduced in double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Godfrey Phillips is making available good-quality reproduction prints, suitable for framing.

The displays in The Australian Women's Weekly give instructions how to obtain these prints.

Albert Tucker confessed to a great nostalgia about Australia after he had been away for some years.

"It was like a revelation when I came back," he said.

"In my memories of Australia the image I had was of a tough, implacable kind of place, but now I'm back I am seeing the nuances, and, I feel, finding a new kind of lyricism."

Albert Tucker was born in Melbourne on December 29, 1914, the youngest of a family of three, and his early manhood coincided with the depression.

"I went to a State school," he said, "and I had to leave at the age of 14 to earn my living."

This he did in a number of ways, but he was painting all his spare time.

In 1947 he went to Japan as official art correspondent attached to the Australian Occupation Forces in Japan.

At the end of the year he took the cheapest-rate passage to London.

Self-trained

Albert Tucker is a self-trained artist and he continued his European study without benefit of scholarships or grants.

"You manage somehow," he said.

"First you do jobs and a little bit of painting. Then you manage to do a bit more painting and less job, and finally you are painting all the time."

His list of exhibitions is formidably long.

From 1936-1947, with a stint in the Army, and working in the hospitals as a medical artist, he exhibited throughout Australia.

For four years during this time he was president of the Contemporary Art Society of Australia.

Between 1947 and 1960 he lived and worked in France, Germany, Italy, England, and the United States, held one-man exhibitions in London, 1957 and 1960, Paris 1952, Rome 1953, Amsterdam 1951, New York 1960, and a joint exhibition with Sidney Nolan in Rome, 1954.

In 1958 he won the £1000 prize for the best subject painting in The Australian Women's Weekly Art Competition.

There is no particular country or city where he prefers to work.

"Wherever I have enough room to set up my gear and have the time I can work," he said.

"Suffering as a way of life for an artist is okay up to a point, but as Gauguin said, 'A certain amount of poverty is good for you but too much kills you.'"

Mr. Tucker and his wife, Barbara (they married 18 months ago), have a home at Hurstbridge, Victoria, with a big separate studio in an adapted agricultural building, two stories high, measuring 15ft. by 20ft.

"It's a compensation, I guess," he said. "I've always worked in corners, hotel rooms, garages, and so on.

"You can't keep travelling all the time," he added, although Barbara has not yet been out of Australia and is longing to go.

His "Gippsland Explorer," shown in the Viscount Collection, is a painting which he did about a year ago.

Other paintings in the Viscount Collection are: "Wimmera Landscape," by Arthur Boyd; "Ceremony at the Rockface," by Russell Drysdale; "Burke" (of the Burke and Wills Expedition), by Sidney Nolan; "Summer in the You Beaut Country," by John Olsen; "You-Yang Pond," by Fred Williams; and "Government Reserve, Roebourne, North W.A.," by James Wigley.

The Fred Williams painting, the next in the reproduced series, will appear in our August 19 issue.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: TIMBER SUPPLIERS

By MARY BROKER

● I was pleased to notice that the Federal Minister for Housing (Mr. Bury) has finalised arrangements for the £250 housing subsidy to young couples.

THIS should be a great help to most young marrieds, and should give them just that stimulus necessary to urge them to save for their own homes.

I have already discussed the improved outlook for the home-building companies, and have talked about many stocks connected with the industry.

One avenue I have not yet explored, however, is the timber-milling industry, whose product, of course, is much in use in the lower-priced houses, and is also used in different shapes and forms in more costly houses.

One reason why the timber industry has so far been neglected in my column is the bad time most of the companies in the eastern States had after 1960.

Many of them are only now pulling out of their slump, and possibly for some time yet will be regarded as "recovery" stocks by most financial advisers.

However, there are three small companies, one based in Western Australia and two in South Australia, who have had consistently good records.

This I think is an extremely good point in their favor. After all, if a company can do well in bad times the chances are its results will be excellent when housing is in such demand.

The Western Australian company is Bunning Timber Holdings Ltd. Headquarters are in Perth, and main activities are as sawmillers and as timber and hardware merchants.

Pre-cut houses are also manufactured, and parquetry flooring and veneers are among other interests.

Bonus issue

In addition, an investment subsidiary holds shares which, at last balance date, were worth more than £130,000.

Capital is not large, at £601,000, while reserves are more than sufficient at £1.35 million — that is, more than twice capital.

This, it should be noted, is after a one-for-five bonus issue made in September, 1962.

Earning rate last year was 20.2 per cent. and dividend has been steady at 10 per cent. for the past four years.

At the current price of 24/9, one hundred 10/- shares would cost £126, and your twice-covered dividend would be £5 a year.

I shall start in South Australia with the very smallest company.

Reid Bros' Holdings Ltd. has a capital of only £100,000 in ordinary shares and £30,000 in preference shares, covered by reserves of £215,000.

Earnings have been excellent, as the following table shows:

- **1961:** Net profit £40,000, earning rate 37.9 per cent., dividend 15 per cent.
- **1962:** Net profit £41,000, earning rate 37.9 per cent., dividend 15 per cent.
- **1963:** Net profit £39,000, earning rate 36.2 per cent., dividend 15 per cent.

The operating milling company has been going since 1912, and I feel that in all that time management must have learnt quite a lot about milling and the marketing of timber.

Shareholders have done quite well over the past few years. For instance, a virtual five-for-two bonus was made on the formation of the holding company in 1955, and a one-for-two bonus was made in 1960.

Major alterations were made to the mill last year, which should have increased efficiency and lowered costs to quite a degree.

With this, and the present buoyant state of the industry, the current year should bring higher profits.

Shares are not frequently traded, since capital is so small, but the patient investor should be able to pick some up.

Last sale of the 5/- shares was at 27/6, so that one hundred would cost £140. Annual dividend at the 15 per cent. rate would be £3/15/- a year.

Softwood Holdings Limited, another South Australian company, has been in the news quite a lot lately.

Last year Softwood bought six operating companies at Mt. Gambier from Kauri Timber for £900,000. Payment was to be extended for six years.

However, directors recently stated that payment was to be completed by June 30 last.

This, I think, is quite a financial feat.

Profit up

Directors also stated that profit for the nine months to March 31 had exceeded budget estimates.

Last year profit was lifted by the substantial amount of 43.5 per cent., and earning rate jumped from 17.5 per cent. to 20.7 per cent. and capital increased by a one-for-two new issue.

A further issue, on a one-for-three basis, will be made later this year.

There is, however, a catch in that tax last year was extremely low because of tax bonuses in the new subsidiaries.

I would watch these shares carefully for an opportunity to buy, and feel perhaps a little caution may be necessary.

The full year's results, due in December, will give the final answer and the effect of higher tax.

At present prices of 31/6 one hundred 10/- shares would cost £160. Annual dividend return would be £5 a year on the 10 per cent. rate.

"Don't you just love the feel of a new cheque book."

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DID YOU KNOW?

RHONDA FLEMING, Jill St. John, and Marilyn Maxwell have been signed for a "Bob Hope Theatre" comedy titled "Have Girls — Will Travel."

Hope will have a most intriguing role — a Western frontier marriage broker.

RHONDA FLEMING

● Jack Benny, at 70, says he's "too old to retire." And now he's to be seen on American television more than ever before.

NEVER on Saturday — but on every other day of the week.

Since Benny switched from one network to another, his new employers will show the new "Jack Benny Show" on Friday evenings.

His former employers will present the "Jack Benny Programme," re-runs of his past shows, every weekday afternoon, and "The Best of Benny," selections of his past shows, on Sunday.

Hopeless addicts of Benny will have to live through only Saturday without him.

★ ★ ★

THE colorful ceremonies in Stockholm and Oslo in which the Nobel Prizes are awarded are to be seen on TV. An American producer said he had been given permission by the Swedish authorities to videotape the ceremonies and an American network has arranged to broadcast them. According to the producer, the Nobel Prize people "were pretty teed-off" about a recent book and subsequent film, titled "The Prize," depicting scandalous behaviour by fictionalised Nobel winners.

★ ★ ★

AN American version of "Meet the Press" goes into continental soon, when a panel of journalists in New York interviews French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville in Paris. The French correspondent of the American TV network will be with M. de Murville in the Paris studio while his questioners sit in New York, their questions and his answers relayed by the Telstar satellite.

★ ★ ★

AN American network has ordered up pilots for two new Western series — for the season after next. Surprisingly, no new horse operas at all are due next season.

Television

NOT all American television stations are privately owned. One at least is a "State-owned" station. It's operated by the New York Municipal Government, and has been a great success, broadcasting mainly instructional material for city employees — policemen (daily line-ups of suspects) and firemen, etc.

Now, a little more than a year old, the station is to begin broadcasting programmes of general interest, offering mainly cultural fare such as chamber-music recitals. When the United Nations General Assembly is sitting, the station will give the sessions full coverage.

Next season the station will also co-operate with Brooklyn College —a university free to State residents — which recently inaugurated its own TV training studios, to broadcast dramas and discussions of controversial issues by professors on the college faculty.

★ ★ ★

TWO American televised soap operas —"As the World Turns" and "The Edge of Night" — have begun their ninth consecutive year on TV.

Medic relieves congestion with every breath

With every breath, Medic's soothing medicated vapour relieves the distressing coughing and congestion of colds. Medic is the modern way to fight the discomfort of colds. Just press the button and instantly Medic's soothing vapour penetrates to relieve congestion and help make breathing easier. Spray Medic at night and give your children relief while they sleep. Medic relieves their congestion and coughing without messy nose drops, chest rubs or other old-fashioned remedies that disturb and distress. And remember—as well as relieving coughing and congestion, Medic contains special ingredients to help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection. **Medic is only 9/6—available only from your Family Chemist.**

ASK YOUR CHEMIST . . . HE KNOWS

S7504/64

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Have you noticed how quiet the trees are lately? . . . No, I'm not going insane. I mean the lack of birds. You hardly see or hear them any more. How long has it been since YOU'VE seen a wren? So, the next time you take a walk, either in a park or in the country, stop for a moment and listen. Frightening, isn't it? It's like the beginning of the end. It's like I said. 'My, aren't the trees quiet?' Think it over, my friends."

Momma's moral. Protect the birds. Remember the dove brings peace, and the stork brings tax exemptions.

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Leslie's dream— to get married

By NAN MUSGROVE

● If you have ever seen an especially sparkly fairy who has escaped from the top of a Christmas tree and who is madly in love, you have seen the latest entertainer to hit Sydney — Leslie Uggams.

LESLIE Uggams is a name that doesn't go with the gamin elegance of this coffee-colored singer, but, as she says, it's her own.

"You'd have to have a pretty vivid imagination to think up a show-business name like 'Leslie Uggams'," she said.

Leslie is in Sydney for a season at Chequers. Already well known to viewers from her featured appearances in "Singalong with Mitch," she was introduced in person to them on TCN9's show, "Tonight," by Dave Allen.

Jimmy Hannan was there, too, apparently doing a kind of cadetship as a possible "Tonight" compere, and he and Leslie swapped stories about their successes, which started in the same way, naming tunes in a TV contest.

Leslie was tired out after rehearsing her TV spectacular all day and didn't sing, but she's promised to sing for viewers on Dave's next show.

When Leslie talks to anyone she gives him her full attention. Her eyes shine, her white, white teeth flash, and she gestures with very pretty hands.

Every now and then I would realise that momentarily she wasn't with me.

I asked her about these flashes and found that the moments off are for special thoughts for Ronnie Eckstine, 21, son of colored singer Billy Eckstine, with whom she is madly in love.

They plan to marry after he finishes his military service in 12 months or two years, depending on a number of things.

It is only three weeks since she met him, but if anyone can capture the 118lb. of quicksilver that compounds 21-year-old Leslie, he has.

She showed me a snap of the two of them, but she wouldn't let it out of her possession. "I wouldn't sleep without it," she said.

Her private ambition is to get married, have a good marriage and a nice family. Her professional one is to make a good movie, become known "as a good actress first and later a great one," and keep on singing, too.

It is quite a programme.

"Television is my first love," she said. "It is so easy. The camera doesn't bother me; I love it.

"On TV someone does your make-up, someone does your hair, tells you what to wear, makes a mark where you stand, and all you have to do is sing."

When Leslie sings, she sings. There are few people who can belt out a song the way she does — as viewers

Television

know. She is an infectious kind of singer.

Two Presidents of the United States have found her so. President Kennedy was a fan, and she sang for him twice, once at a big Labor Day shivoo when Leslie split the rafters wide open with "When the Saints Come Marching In," and again on what she described as "his last big birthday bash."

At the Labor Day party a little dark-haired woman in a corner called her over and told her that she and her husband always went home, whenever they possibly could, to watch her on TV.

The dark-haired woman was Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, now America's First Lady, and Leslie later sang for her and her husband at the White House.

"I had been in a big show in Washington," she said, "with Bob Hope and a lot of others, and we were all invited over to the White House afterwards.

"When we walked in, the President said to me, 'How nice to see you again'."

"The President took us all round the White House himself. We saw where he and his family lived and lots of special photos.

"He is so warm and wonderful we all felt he was someone we had known for years."

"Warm and wonderful" are two words that well describe Leslie. At 21, with 15½ years of professional show business behind her, she is still apparently unspoiled.

Her manager, Mort Curtis, who, with her mother, Mrs. Uggams, is travelling with Leslie, told me later he had never known an entertainer "so unspoiled by good fortune."

I asked her about her financial fortune and her published description as "very, very wealthy." She said she thought it truer to say, "very comfortable financially."

I was curious about how a 21-year-old girl would splurge when she could.

She is very chic, has a quality of elegance that comes through in every movement. The day I saw her she was wearing beautifully tailored beige pants, a beige pure silk turtle-neck sweater, and a beige-and-white bulky mohair sweater.

Over the top of it she had on a really super hooded coat. It was brown, lined with white sheepskin, and has bold, wide scarlet bindings (see picture).

I thought perhaps clothes were her thing. But no. "I am mad for sweaters," she said, "but leading my kind of life I have to have a dab of everything in my wardrobe."

The next line I tried was jewellery. I thought she might have a small cache of diamonds that she wore at night.

I drew a blank again. "I like rings, but I am not much for bracelets and necklets," she said.

I was lucky the third time: her real fashion love is furs. She sparkled more than ever when I mentioned them.

"The first fur I ever had was a white stole," she said. "I don't know what sort it was. I got it when I graduated from high school and went to the prom. I wore that stole until it started shedding all over the place.

"Now I have two minks, a tourmaline mink full-length coat, and a blue mist jacket. If it's all right for me to brag a little, I'll tell you—there are only two blue mist minks in the world.

Conservative

"I have a white summer fox stole and a cloth coat that has a fur lining."

I found that the cloth coat was honey-colored, the fur lining sable.

Her taste is conservative; she doesn't go for Mary Quant or way-out fashion. ("They're a little too wild for me, and these new colored stockings are too much for me, too.")

I've seldom met anyone who has packed so much hard work and living into her 21 years. She spends three weeks here, goes back to America to a six-week engagement with the Ed Sullivan TV show, and then a season at New York's Waldorf Astoria.

She took to show business professionally at the age of six. "I just acted, though," she said. "I didn't sing, although I'd been learning singing since I was three."

Leslie's measurements are 32-22-35, she's round 5ft. 4in. tall, she doesn't smoke, is not one for drinking."

"When I have to, I have a champagne cocktail," she said, "but I really like sodas. I make them myself at home with lots of ice-cream."

She lives at home "in downtown Manhattan" with her mother and father; has an older sister, Frances, who has two sons, 11 and 5.

She "just loves" Australia, working at Chequers, kangaroos, Ronnie Eckstine, and her white French poodle, Snowball.

LESLIE UGGAMS

Down on the farm

"TOWN AND COUNTRY," ABC-TV's interesting weekly half-hour programme (Fridays, 9.15 p.m.) is a kind of rural "Four Corners," designed to appeal equally to both bedsitter dwellers and owners of vast acres.

Compere of "Town and Country" is young, upstanding Trevor Brown, sometimes, too, ABC-TV's weather man, who was quite horrified when I said he seemed to be the big wheel of the show.

" 'Town and Country' is a team effort," he said, "everybody in the Rural Department is in it.

"I am actually a rural broadcast assistant; my job is compere, I suppose.

"I get the ideas or promote them, nut out if they are feasible, and see if I can get the right people to play—giving interviews or background information.

"I write all the material that goes into the show."

Proving he wasn't the big wheel, Trevor, 24, proved he is at least a very busy wheel in the team.

TREVOR BROWN

He looks a nice town-and-country mixture man. Although he is Australian, he has the sort of steadfast face you see in glossy English magazines about the doings of county people.

He is a Melbourne boy, which may account for that look, but don't hold it against him. He has a delightful sense of humor and a stimulating personality.

He comes from an Army family, although he describes them as a family of frustrated farmers.

Trevor went to Longernong Agricultural College in Victoria (which matches the New South Wales Hawkesbury College), from which he left with the diploma that paved his way to the A.B.C.'s Rural Department.

His job on "Town and Country" gives him a taste of country life from time to time.

He is just back from Brunette Downs in the Northern Territory, where the Town and Country team filmed the annual race meeting scheduled for telecasting on July 17 at 9.15 p.m.

Other highlights of life on Brunette Downs, a huge cattle station, will be seen in later programmes.

"Town and Country" enjoys international favor. Filmed segments of the programme are sent each week to the European Broadcasting Union, which shows them on TV in countries from Yugoslavia right across to the Americas.

In April this year excerpts from last year's programmes were made into a film about 1963's agricultural production and shown at a Berlin Agricultural Film Festival.

The film, much to everyone's excitement, romped off with an award ahead of entries from the B.B.C. and the N.B.C. of America.

"Town and Country" is a half hour that is both entertaining and informative. As a city dweller I often find it more refreshing than its Saturday night relative, "Four Corners."

Musical travelogues

NEW TV team (at left) is blond Jill Chapman and her doctor brother, John, who, between his postgraduate studies, writes music. Jill is appearing in a series of 13 half-hour musical travelogues that are being produced primarily for overseas distribution.

They have already been sold in America and West Germany on a pilot film made about Sydney's waterways, its bays, and beaches. There is no dialogue in the travelogues; music is the commentary, the international language used. In the pilot film Jill sang her brother's new song, "Lovely Day."

Jill, a soprano, has already appeared in ABC-TV's "World of Operetta" and will soon be seen on GTV in "In Melbourne Tonight."

The musical travelogues are being made by Sydney cameraman and producer Bob Gould.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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KERCHIEF SHAPED beret (below) is doubly desirable and new when made in leopard skin. The beret is worn back to show a fringe reaching to the eyebrows.

LEOPARD jumper (right) has a deep V-neckline and long sleeves, and is as sophisticated as can be. It is worn over a slim shift. Design is perfect for fur fabric.

The Leopard prowls through

HEIGHT of luxury: the Paris-designed leopard suit, left. The longer-line jacket has single-breasted fastening and self-belt at back. Skirt is straight and easy.

COAT SPLENDOR (above) designed to wear beautifully from afternoon to evening. Velvet coat is lined, collared, and cuffed in leopard. Note the leopard hat.

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LEOPARD, the fur personality of the season, plays a commanding role in fashion. Here to mark the return of this exotic black-and-yellow spotted fur we show it manipulated into varying and new shapes. Almost all shapes have some fitting or moulding, no matter how slight. Strolling, shopping, at home, for gala evenings or on the head, leopard has a delightful devil-may-care look. A word to the budget-wise: Spotted fur fabric bought by the yard -- be quite candid about its being fake — can replace the real thing, and still have a luxury look.

—*Betty Keep*

Fashion

***WIDE-BRIMMED** leopard hat (above) guaranteed to turn many heads. The hat, with brim flipped-up at the back, flatters the now new-again 1920s bob.*

***LEOPARD JUMPER** (left) takes its style news from current fashion. Items to note: uncollared neckline and uncuffed, below-elbow sleeves.*

***LEOPARD AND MINK**—a new luxury alliance—in a coat (above) designed for gala nights. The coat, with its follow-the-body shape, has the new softer shoulder-line and below-elbow sleeves.*

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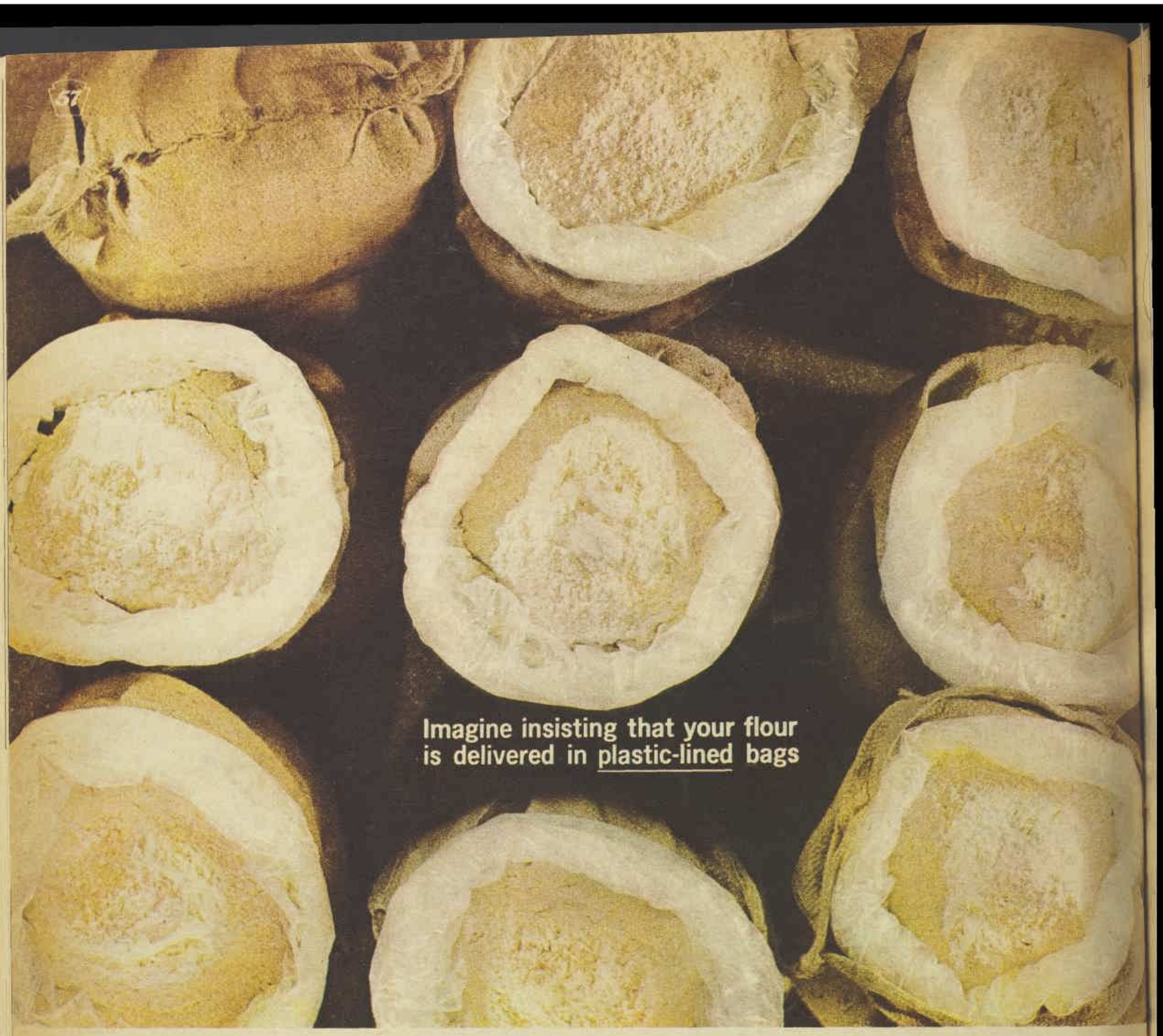

extra care is a habit at HEINZ

It's a Heinz rule that little things make a lot of difference.

Like flour for instance. Normally it's delivered in just a jute bag. But not to Heinz! To prevent fibres being left in the flour, every Heinz flour bag is plastic-lined.

And that's just one Heinz safeguard.

When flour arrives at the Heinz plant it's immediately purified for 24 hours. Then it's given a prominent red label which says "Do Not Issue" . . . waits until laboratory tests prove it's up to required nutritional standards. Even then, Heinz flour can't go to the kitchen. It must pass through an aspirator which blows out impurities . . . past magnets in case any specks of metal are there from milling and sifting operations.

Only after all these exacting tests is Heinz flour given a green "OK" sticker for its journey to Heinz Chefs.

It's this kind of care that makes sure Heinz use only the purest, most nourishing ingredients in each of their special recipes. **Aren't you glad Heinz are around to take special care of your baby?**

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Life sparkled with excitement for Kitty when she met Jason

New man in town

By DOROTHY CURNOW HANDLEY

Illustrated by Boothroyd

ON a soft, lilac-laden evening in May, at precisely twenty minutes to ten, Kitty Cross — suddenly and without warning — became thirty-three years old. She should have expected it, of course, because it is one of the hazards of being a girl, but Kitty hadn't even thought of it, much less expected it.

You've seen girls like Kitty — unusually attractive girls with charm, beauty, and allure, poised and polished and at ease anywhere. They are the career girls — secretaries, receptionists, buyers, television and radio personalities, or fashion designers, as was Kitty.

It doesn't matter much what it is as long as they are happy with it. If not, they move elsewhere, for there is always a place for them and it's no wonder they are in no hurry to exchange this pleasant state of affairs for the more limited horizons of a split-level, a budget, nappies, baby-sitters — and just one man. Some day, of course . . . but not just yet.

But they remain ever alert, never overlooking an opportunity . . . particularly a new man in town . . .

Kitty Cross first saw Jason Strand across the subdued elegance of the Sky Room. She was lunching with her sister, Donna, four years younger than she, and mother of three children to anchor her marriage to Deke Andelin. Kitty had hated to see Donna marry and tie herself down so young, but she was careful not to let her pity for this beloved little sister show through. Heavens, she thought, can't she talk about anything but Deke and the kids?

Her eyes wandered, paused, came back to Donna. "Don't look now, but who is that over there with Hap Goodman?"

"Where?" Donna peered nearsightedly, then picked up her sunglasses, prescription ground. "Oh, that's Jason Strand. He's with Hap's company — just transferred from Regina. Top brass, Kit."

He was somewhere in his thirties, Kitty mused, and he was tall and blond, but not wishy-washy blond. He had a straight nose, a square chin, and wide shoulders. He was darned good looking — and probably knew it.

Donna chuckled. "Here we go again. I know that look, Kit. You have him all wrapped and tied."

"Don't be silly. I don't even know him. Besides, he must be married. Nothing like that is running around loose."

"Deke heard that he was engaged but that it was broken off just before he came out here. Deke doesn't know the details, naturally, but he got the idea that perhaps Jason wasn't too heartbroken, that perhaps he'd asked for this transfer for reasons of his own. We'll meet him at Barbie and Joe's party Saturday. Barbie called you, didn't she?"

"Yes, but I wasn't sure I could go." She hadn't wanted to go, Kitty thought: the same people, the same drinks, the same jokes. But now . . . "I imagine I'll be there."

"Oh-oh," Donna breathed. "We've been spotted."

Hap Goodman had looked up and seen them and was waving. He said something to his companion and they rose, threading their way among the tables. "Hi, Gorgeous." Hap's round face was beaming. "I was just telling Jason that we have a lot of scenery around here besides mountains and here you two are to prove it.

"This is Jason Strand. These gals are sisters, Jason. This one is Donna, beauteous wife of Deke Andelin, and much too good for him. This one is Miss Kitty Cross, tempting, talented, and terrific."

They murmured their how-do-you-dos and Kitty was aware of Jason's swift appraisal. She knew that if anyone asked him this instant, he could tell them that she had hair the color of burnt sugar, had a tiny dimple at the

To page 32

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They GO for a lifetime . . . GLOW for a lifetime—

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Please call the office

When Gordon caught a cold he wanted his wife to pamper and spoil him . . . an amusing story.

By Florence Engel Randall

"I should be back before the children come home," Maggie said to her husband.

IT was eight-thirty that Monday morning before Gordon finally came downstairs. He was unshaven, his slippers flapped on his bare feet, and he was wearing the old grey flannel bathrobe he had bought ten years ago when they were first married.

That means something's wrong, Maggie told herself staring at him. Twice she had tried to give the bathrobe away, and each time Gordon had retrieved it with a stricken look, although he rarely wore it. Most of the time the bathrobe hung in the back of his lowboy, ignored.

It appears in moments of crisis like smoke before a fire, thought Maggie wryly, remembering how Gordon had reached for it when Jenny broke her arm and when Jimmy had bronchitis.

Gordon, who ran his business with cool efficiency and his household with warmth, had a tendency to disintegrate at the first sign of any illness.

Well, thought Maggie, whatever it is, it can't be too dreadful. His eyes are clear and he was feeling fine when he went to sleep last night. "You'll miss your train if you don't hurry, darling," she said.

"I'm not going to the office today," he said, sitting at the kitchen table. He reached into his pocket for a handkerchief and blew his nose. "I have a cold."

"Oh," said Maggie, relieved. "Is that all?"

"What do you mean — is that all? Isn't that enough? I feel terrible."

Maggie put her coffee cup on the table and walked over to him. She touched his forehead with her lips.

"Thank you, but kissing won't help," said Gordon glumly.

"I'm just seeing if you have any temperature."

"There isn't a thermometer in this house that works," he complained. "That one upstairs just doesn't register."

"That's because you have no fever," said Maggie. "What would you like for breakfast?"

"Starve a cold," said Gordon wisely.

"You've got it backwards," said Maggie, trying not to laugh.

"It's not funny," he said. "My head aches and my nose is stuffed. I think I'll have to spend the day in bed." Oh, no, thought Maggie. I was right — the sudden appearance of that old bathrobe does mean trouble. She took a deep breath. "Sometimes," she suggested cautiously, "if you fight these things, you're better off."

And they call women the weaker sex, she thought scornfully. When I catch a cold, I merely cope with it and go on with my regular household duties. It would never occur to me to collapse in bed with the blanket pulled up to my chin, moaning and groaning and expecting to be waited on. Women don't have the time or the opportunity to pamper themselves the way men do.

"When the kids come down," said Gordon mournfully, "warn them to stay away from me. I'm likely to be contagious."

"The school bus left fifteen minutes ago."

"Well, when they come home, then," he said. "I'll need it very quiet, Maggie."

"It's not easy to keep an eight-year-old and a six-year-old quiet," she said. "But I'll try." She poured his juice and handed it to him. "Would you like some eggs, darling?"

"I really don't feel up to eating," he said. "Well, maybe if you scramble them," he added thoughtfully. "And, Maggie, I wonder if you'd call the office for me and tell Miss Simmons I won't be in. Tell her to take care of the routine matters but to transfer anything important to the house. That way you can take all the messages for me."

That does it, Maggie thought, beating the eggs savagely. There he is, sitting right next to the telephone, and he's too weak to lift it off the hook. The last time he had a cold he lay in bed with the medication next to him on the night table and he wouldn't take a pill unless I handed it to him. Enough is enough, she thought. After all, it isn't as if he were really sick and needed me.

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VEN 2458

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Concluding instalment of our serial

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Robert grabbed at the old lady's h as she suddenly thrust the knife at h

ON Wednesday, shortly after Strubb had told Robert, with icy impatience, that he was crazy to expect a man to be found in a mountainous region as vast as this, if he had chosen to disregard all the rules of safety, or that a murder could be solved in a few days, Christine knocked at his door. He looked at her gloomily. "I thought it was one of the reporters. They've been a pest. Did Strubb send you to see that I didn't do anything he wouldn't approve of?"

She shook her head. "It's my afternoon off," she said. "Would you like to spend it with me? I thought you might be restless. Perhaps you'd like to see the farm you helped us keep."

They drove in his car to Dienten, and up to the old house which, as on the day Robert had faced Tanner, seemed strangely deserted. Then they began to walk. As they wandered higher and higher up, through stands of timber and meadowland, she began to talk about herself.

"As a child I didn't think anything of trudging along for an hour and a half to get to the alm, but now I'm glad we have the jeep when I want to go up there after working. Isn't it beautiful? Oh, but Aleman was mad when he heard the place had been sold. Poor Papa! How he hated to lie."

Not even two days had passed since Robert had dropped his cheque at Tanner's feet, and already it seemed as if it had happened years ago. "There are other places he can buy," he said, trying to recall the bland features of the man who had won at dice and suggested a bottle of champagne for his winnings. "Why did he want it so much, anyway?"

He's just making conversation, thought Christine. He's not really interested. But she could understand his indifference and went on trying to distract him. "He just likes it. He always has. But then, you can see, it is lovely. And it's so sheltered, hardly any fog, good skiing, and not overrun by tourists in spite of the lift. I remember when we first came here. He stopped by to ask if Papa would mind if he hunted on the grounds as he had been doing for years. There's plenty of deer, and way up above the alm there's the most beautiful spot in the world—a steep cliff with a roof of green grass. Maybe we'll have time for it today."

Robert couldn't have cared less. Nature had never meant as much to him as man-made things. It was Reid who loved the mountains and oceans, the trees and cloud formations, the incredible light of the sky on different latitudes, the little brooks and majestic rivers, but now, as a stand of cool, shady forest fell away and they came out on wide, open meadowland above the valley, protected in the distance by the first spurs of the Hochkonig, he felt unexpectedly enchanted. There was a tiny house, two oxen, and about six cows, some chickens, and, higher up, gambolling among the boulders, a few goats.

"This is just summer grazing ground," Christine explained, "not like the big alms that send milk and cheese down by lifts or those belonging to a community." Suddenly she waved, and Robert, following the motion of her hand, saw an old woman coming out of the house. "That's old Lise," Christine told him, "who took care of me when Strubb fetched me from Vienna after the deed was finally cleared. The farm was left us by a great-cousin who made a mesalliance and was ostracised by the rest of the family. My father was the only one who didn't drop her. Lise has lived and worked up here ever since she can remember. Come and meet her."

The woman was quite old, around seventy, if not more. Her face was wrinkled and brown as the shell of a walnut, except for her high, pink cheeks and the tip of her nose, which her wide-brimmed straw hat didn't shade. Age had eaten like a moth into her eyebrows, so that they were nothing but little clusters of hair, but below them dark eyes shone as bright and alert as a child's. She a white, short-sleeved blouse under a dotted blue that left her tanned, sinewy arms exposed. She running to meet them on bare feet, but stopped short denly as if she hadn't been aware that Christine was alone. Then she caught herself and smiled, the know smile of old women.

"Ah, so you finally got yourself a young man. what takes long usually turns out right." Her gla wandered over Robert, taking him in from head to not unlike the way Robert had sized up Christine when had first seen her; then she frowned, shrugged—the resig shrug of someone who has had to give up her conceptio of the man she would have wanted for the girl she love and Robert had the feeling that Lise did not altogether approve of him. Her next words, though, were uttered an eager, almost happy voice, as if nothing mattered long as Christine was content. "Come on in, come on she cried. "There's sour milk and black bread and sugar

"Later," Christine said. "We want to walk on up a Oh, Lise, there's a letter for you. I picked it up morning at the post office."

Lise turned the letter around and around in hand as if she wanted to prolong her anticipation of contents. "From America," she said, her whole face lig ing up. "From my brother." Then, as if impatient the news, she reached into the pocket of her dress, brou out an old-fashioned pair of steel-rimmed glasses, but denly put them back again. "No time now. Two cows have to be milked, the chickens have to be fed, quite a chores still to do. The day is never long enough."

"I'll feed the chickens for you," Christine said. getting too late anyhow to go all the way up." fetched a basket, and, holding it in the crook of her arm, made some clucking sounds.

Robert sat down on the grass and lit his pipe. watched the chickens come scurrying from every direction No big, two-storeyed coops here, with blue fluorescent lighting that burned all night to fool the hens into lay more. Bees hummed. From nowhere a little wind wa through the meadow grass like a sigh. Old Lise, her legs spread wide apart, sat on a backless bench, moving her lips as she read. "Helen's coming back!" she exclaimed suddenly, but when Christine turned to her questioning she shook her head. "No one you know. My, my."

Cowbells rang, and one big brown-and-white cow came trotting like a dog to rub her head against Christine's

"Hello, Pauline," Christine said, as if to an old friend. kitten jumped from the roof of a hay-shelter, where it been sleeping in the sun, and leaped playfully, trying catch its own shadow.

Robert, who couldn't remember ever having lived in such pastoral surroundings, realised with astonishment that it was apparently possible for some people to be perfectly happy with what he would consider nothing at not even electric light—he could see two oil lamps standing on the windowsill; without running water—there was hollow branch of a tree with a primitive iron pipe led to a damned-up brook; with no central heating, as trayed by the neatly stacked pile of wood, and, looking at the roof, of course—no television. The very thought made him smile. What marvellous self-sufficiency it quired to live up here alone.

"Isn't she too old," he asked, when Christine sat down next to him, "to be all by herself, working all day without a soul?"

"Without a soul?" Christine smiled. "There are animals. Besides, Papa and I come up almost every

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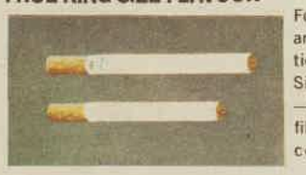

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The Reluctant Ringbearer

The plans for the wedding almost went awry — a short short story

By Gillette Jones

WHATEVER happens to kids who come from wacky homes, I was as ripe for it as a rotten orange is for mould. Brother, what a family! The trouble was, I had an older sister—right there is trouble for any guy — and Carol told us one night she was going to marry Paul.

Nobody minded this news because Paul's plenty okay—big, quiet, and right on hand when the Little League needs help. So, when Carol told Mother and Dad about it, there was no hint then what would happen to the smiles in the next days.

"We've set the date for the 15th of next month," Carol said, sounding excited. "We plan to be married in the little chapel, with just our close friends and families."

Mother made some gushing noises, but then she said slowly: "Dear, I don't want to butt in, but . . . you may always have regrets if you don't have a really big wedding."

Carol's smile came out crooked. "Paul's so shy. He's not the type for a big to-do."

"The chance comes only once," Mother warned.

Later, when I was doing my homework, Carol came past my room. I threw an eraser at her skirt, scoring a direct hit. I waited, ready to duck when she tossed it back. But nothing happened.

"Hey!" I yelled. "You sick?"

She shook her head. "You're too young to understand."

I slammed my fifth-grade English closed and snorted. "Too young!"

"Well . . . Paul and I planned a quiet wedding. It suits us both. Just one thing—Mother always dreamed of a big wedding for me." Carol looked funny and she started to cry. "I know it must be hard to have a daughter leave home, and I'd like Mother to share my happiness."

For my money she didn't look happy, so what's to share? "What's the big problem?"

She mussed my hair, which I hate, and nodded. "Guess you're right. No problem at all. We just compromise—make the wedding a little bigger and everyone will be happy."

A couple of days later she told Mother: "Paul is willing to have the ceremony in the church."

Mother went a little mad, hugging Carol and dancing around the room. This happy mood was okay by me . . . it might even be good for extra hunks of cake. The trouble was it didn't last.

In the morning Mother was very gay. At first, Carol looked glad to see Mother like that. But when Mother produced a mile-long list and started reading it, Carol looked amazed. "Does it have an end?"

Mother pouted. "I was only trying to help."

Mother's lip started to shimmy, and Carol said quickly: "Oh now, don't. I was just surprised. I'm really glad you're helping."

Nothing developed . . . not right then, anyway. The trouble began again two days later when Mother told Carol: "Get Paul to make his list. No more than 50, though."

Carol frowned. "We have more than 50."

Mother shrugged. "A wedding belongs to the girl."

Carol didn't answer, but I could see she had her mouth clamped shut as if it weren't easy to keep it that way.

That evening Paul and she were having coffee in the kitchen when I went for a snack. Paul was saying: "Well, there are my parents, a few relatives . . . my best friend . . ."

"Paul, you've got to have more. People sit on different sides of the church. It will look awful if your side is empty."

"You don't want me to gather people from the streets, do you?"

Carol looked sort of helpless and shook her head. I suddenly had the feeling there was a tug-of-war in progress and Carol was the rope. I figured I'd help, so I popped over by them and grinned at Paul. "I'll sit on your side."

"Oh, Bud, go away," Carol said. "Besides, Mother has you pegged as a ringbearer."

"A what? Not on your life!" I stormed off to see Mother, but Dad said she'd gone to the florist, so I fumed to myself.

I didn't see Mother until breakfast, and then she and Carol were already yakking. "No orchids," Carol was saying. "Something simple."

"For a big wedding like this?" Mother questioned. "Well, you go see the florist then."

I could hear Paul and Carol arguing as I leaned out of my bedroom window.

"I certainly will," Carol snapped. "And Paul will go with me."

Before I could get a word in, Mother said: "You should have more attendants, too. Six bridesmaids."

"Six!" Carol exploded. "Two would be plenty."

I happened to know Carol started with one, but right then there was a pause, so I spoke up, "Say, Mother, what's this rumor about me being in this shindig? You think I'm some kind of nut . . ."

"You'll do what you're told, young man," Mother said.

"But, gee . . ." I started, but Mother said: "Go to school, Bud. It's time." So I got the brush-off. Rejection, they call it in some places. Boy!

The next day was Saturday, and I saw Paul and Carol go off, walking far apart on the sidewalk.

I kept testing Mother for a good mood, but I didn't find any. She and Dad were talking money. I stayed out of their way and at lunch filled my emptiness with a sandwich and some chocolate pie. Then I found pickles which I'd missed on the first go-round, so I started over. I must have swallowed the milk too fast, because after a while I didn't feel so hot. I went to my room and threw open the window, and while I was gulping air Paul and Carol came back. They were arguing.

"Maybe you're trying to please too many people," Paul was saying.

"I want to please my mother. Is that asking too much?"

"But this has snowballed so. You don't seem to know your own mind. That florist talked you right into orchids."

"The florist's an expert. In business you leave specialties to experts, don't you?"

"Our wedding isn't a business matter. Not to me!"

Carol's face turned red. "You mean it is to me!"

This was getting interesting. I even forgot my pain when Paul said: "Maybe we'd better call it off until you know what you want."

Carol's face went white. She stormed: "Maybe that's a good idea," and marched into the house.

By Sunday I figured a grey cloud was over this house, and how could a boy like me grow up normal? Nobody even spoke to me. I called a couple of friends, but they weren't home. So I called Paul to see whether he'd come throw a few balls with me, and I mentioned how miserable it was at home.

"And Carol?" he asked.

"Looks like the devil with those red eyes," I told him.

Next thing I knew he was at the door and Carol knocked me over running to it, shouting: "It's you I want to please!"

They went to Mother and Dad and told them they were going to be married in the chapel—definitely. Mother grabbed for a chair and flopped into it and sighed: "My nerves wouldn't have stood it."

I looked around. Everybody looked great again. Paul and Carol were holding hands and I remembered: now I wouldn't have to dress like a nut for the church! Right then I started figuring I had a chance of growing up normal. In fact, in a house as happy as this how could I miss?

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CATS ON THE MOVE

"FELIX" (Vic.) wrote of her travelling cat, who, two years, has been driven 00 miles. Our "Miaows" uld have travelled well er 6000 miles in less than it time. She travelled from eensland to South Aus- lia three times before she s 10 months old, plus out 120 miles each week- d for over three months, d odd trips since. She es sitting by my husband's oulder in the utility watch- g the traffic.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. H. endelborn, Tarlee, S.A.

★ ★ ★

VER since he was a kitten, our cat, 18 months old, s travelled by car and cara- n with my husband and yself on our working holi- y around Australia. So r he has covered 9000 les, either sleeping on my sband's shoulder or in the ravan. As we intend travel- g right round Australia thin the next three years, r cat will have travelled out 50,000 miles.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. E. obbs, Mandurah, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Y nephew and niece, with their cat, Wuss, aged o, visited us by car from estern Australia, and, with e return journey, this uld have amounted to 00 miles. Wuss also needs sedative or box while velling, but, for protection, ears a collar and lead. She s also travelled extensively W.A.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Ander- n, Toronto, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AM 11, and wish to tell you about my cat. He is Siamese kitten and at the e of 10 weeks has travelled er 4000 miles. He has een to Darwin and Alice prings by car from Towns- lle and he has also been Cairns and back.

£1/1/- to Mark Adams, ownsville, Qld.

★ ★ ★

RIGINALLY a Mel- bourne cat, our travel- ng cat has been from there Mount Buffalo, from there South Australia, then ack to Melbourne, where e boarded the "Princess of asmania" (she had her own cket), to spend a year tour- g Tasmania with us. Then ack to Melbourne, and up to ydney, where we are now ttled. She is only three- nd-a-half years and has ever been car sick.

£1/1/- to "Sooty" (name upplied), Baulkham Hills, S.W.

★ ★ ★

I THINK our Blackie is a former motor mechanic who has been turned into a at. Everyone remarks on is interest in cars. My usband is a motor mechanic, nd Blackie spends all day with the men going over the ars and trucks, sitting on the mudguards, and watching everything. Whenever a vehicle is to be road-tested, he is always there in the front eat, ready for a ride.

£1/1/- to "Fat Blackie" (name supplied), Fawkner, Vic.

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Time for a bath

WHEN taking a bath it takes me a good 15 minutes to do a thorough job. My husband tells me he cannot understand what I could be doing in the water for a quarter of an hour. His bath never takes more than five minutes, often only three. How long does it take other people to have a bath?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Newborough, Vic.

Puppy's curly tail puzzled her

MY husband and I have recently bought a samoyed puppy. These dogs have a very thick coat and a tail that curls up on their back. After staring at the puppy my niece looked at me and asked solemnly, "Do you have to put a roller in his tail every night?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Mann, Mount Burr, S.A.

Welcoming new churchgoers

IT would be a good idea if more churches had someone at the door to smile at and welcome strangers. It takes a lot of courage for a newcomer to a town to walk into a strange church.

£1/1/- to "Mum B" (name supplied), New Plymouth, N.Z.

She keeps tidy for The Beatles

WHACKO for The Beatles! Ever since my 14-year-old daughter has had their photograph out of Teenagers' Weekly stuck on her wardrobe door she has kept her room scrupulously tidy. "I couldn't bear to have them look at an untidy muddle," she says.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. M. Newham, Taroona, Tas.

13 was not unlucky

SOME people are superstitious of Friday the 13th. My father enlisted in the R.A.A.F. on the 13th, was called to train on Friday the 13th, and he had two postings on the 13th and finished up in the 13th Aircraft Repair Depot. He had no mishaps during his service.

£1/1/- to Greg McInnes, Macarthur, Vic.

Another Janeth

ON reading the short story "The Very Tidy Affair" by John F. Wallace in a recent Australian Women's Weekly, I was very surprised to find that the girl's name was Janeth. I was named Janeth 20 years ago, and I had never before seen this name in print.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Janeth Wilkin, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.

When baby cries

IF your baby cries when you are brushing his hair, place him in front of a mirror. He will have to stop to see who's making such hideous faces.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

He hadn't remembered

MY husband never ceases to amaze me. When I told him he was getting forgetful, he became quite indignant and asked, "Who always remembers your birthday and our anniversary, and buys you a present?" "When was our last anniversary?" I asked. "April the eighth," he replied, proud as Punch at remembering. "And what did you buy me?" Nothing! He had forgotten.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Perryment, Bundeena, N.S.W.

Order from the top executive

AN important conference was being held in the room of one of the executives in the office where I work. Many of those attending had travelled considerable distances. In the middle of it all I received a phone call for the central figure and, in switching it through, happened to catch the following message: "Will you bring home a packet of birdseed?"

£1/1/- to Nancy Baillie, Wellington, N.Z.

A son's clock tribute

CAN Australia claim any unusual clocks like this? At Buckland-in-the-Moor, England, the face of the old church clock has letters instead of figures. They read: "My Dear Mother," and it is said to be a memorial given by a devoted son.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Hallifax, Kallista, Vic.

The money goes on sweets

MANY parents say they cannot afford to send their children to matinees of what I call the good things in the entertainment world—ballet, Shakespearian plays, Continental dancers, and good musicals—because they are too expensive. While some are out of most parents' price range, some are not. Or would not be if children were given less to spend on the sweets, drinks, etc., which each child at these matinees seems to think he or she must have.

£1/1/- to Miss K. Oakhill, Brisbane.

Why he wants to be a teacher

FOLLOWING is an excerpt from an essay written by my son, Keith, aged 13: "I would like to be a teacher because I could give boys a hiding if they gave me cheek. I would not have to wear a school uniform and I could lean on the furniture without getting told off. It would be easier for me to get to a university than most people. I could do untidy writing like most teachers and not be told off."

£1/1/- to " Keith's Mum" (name supplied), Cunderdin, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

A FEW months ago I read that a leading dress-designer was going to launch a new style called the Good Girl Look.

Clothes in this style were to be demure and wholesome—the kind of thing Anne of Green Gables might have worn to a church fete.

Nothing more has been heard of the Good Girl Look since.

Perhaps the designer talked it over with experts and thought better of it. I can imagine them saying: "It's too extreme." "The public will never stand for it."

Certainly it would be a change. In recent years the trend of fashion has been rather towards the Bad Girl Look.

Perfectly respectable young ladies get themselves up now to look like Mata Hari on her night out.

The eye-shadow business is booming. Great trucks loaded with mascara rumble through the streets.

I heard a complaint yesterday from Mrs. Donkling, whose daughter is an office junior. "If only I could get Noeline to take off her mascara when she goes to bed," she sighed.

GOODY GOODY

Noeline Donkling is a typical case. On social occasions she wears dingy-colored sweaters and tight slacks. Though she is a good girl, no doubt, she looks as if she has just crept out of the Casbah.

Yet sooner or later, with the swing

of fashion, the Good Girl Look is likely to come in.

It is being held up, I believe, because famous actresses have a vested interest in things as they are.

Liz Taylor and Brigitte Bardot would have trouble in converting to innocent roles.

One can foresee a painful interview with a producer:

"Miss Taylor, we want you to take the leading part in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

"You mean wearing long gingham dresses and picture hats and things?"

"Yes. You'll be making daisy chains, too."

"But you must have gone off your rocker!"

"Not at all. The public demands the Good Girl Look now. You must move with the times."

"But think of the years I've spent slaving to get my reputation! Do you want me to throw my life's work away?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Taylor. That's show business."

I believe people would find the Good Girl Look quite charming once they got used to it. But it will take nerve to adopt it at first.

A few daring fashion models could be sent out in Good Girl outfits to test public reaction.

Anyhow, it will not happen for a while yet. The latest fashion move—the topless dress—is in the opposite direction.

The designer who thought of the Good Girl Look has had to go back to the old drawing board.

Bethal Tablets clear away STUFFY HEAD COLDS!

Winter time can be very miserable when you suffer from Head Colds. If you do, take Bethal Tablets. Then you'll get the same fast relief Bethal has given thousands of others. Bethal Tablets act through the blood-stream, break up congestion and dry out messy sniffles and sneezes. Chemists have recommended Bethal Tablets for years. You ask them.

Bethal Tablets

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF Because I Take FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere F 12

FORD PILLS

CHILBLAINS are soon relieved with BAUME DALET (Borm Dalay) the successful continental foot ointment. 6/- at chemists.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

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Continued from page 23

NEW MAN IN TOWN

corner of her mouth, and had grey-green eyes set in thick, sooty lashes. He hadn't missed a thing. But neither had she, and she liked what she saw. She said nothing, waiting, and Jason smiled down at her.

"I'm curious about the talent, Miss Cross. Are you in television?"

"She paints," Hap said before Kitty could answer. "She's darned good, too — wins prizes and has been exhibited at the galleries."

"Really?" Jason's eyes quickened. "I've done a little painting myself. I'm not in your class, though, Miss Cross. It's just if and when with me."

"It doesn't flourish with neglect," Kitty smiled.

"So I have discovered."

"Come on, Jason," Hap said. "They'll be clearing our table if we don't get back there."

Kitty watched them as they made their way back to their table and she felt a stirring of excitement. She'd be hearing from Jason Strand —and soon . . .

Later, outside the hotel, Donna said, "I have a million things to do, so I'll be in town until late. Why don't I pick you up after work? You haven't been out to the house for weeks."

Kitty looked away, "I'm afraid not, Donna. I have a millions things to do, too."

"Oh, come off it, Kit! No girl living alone can be that busy!"

"How do you know? You've never tried it."

"No, thank goodness. But from my vantage point of seven rooms, three kids, one husband, one Dachshund, one Siamese, one large yard, and only twenty-four hours a day, the view of your three-room apartment looks pretty empty."

Kitty patted her cheek. "Don't be hurt, honey. It's just that I'm trying to finish a painting while I still have enthusiasm for it."

"It's always something." But it was impossible for Donna to be bitter about anything and her sunny smile broke through. "Okay, Kit. I'll see you at Barbie's party Saturday. You're coming with Tommy, I suppose?"

"Who else?" Of course she'd be going with Tommy Roselle, Kitty thought. Dear Tommy, faithful Tommy . . . dull Tommy. But it would be poor strategy to be available the first time Jason called. "We'll be there, Donna."

She watched Donna hurry away, her conscience hurting. She shouldn't have made excuses, but she was in no mood for Donna's "vantage point." The children were little dolls and she loved them dearly, but one, or all were usually crying and the dog barked and the cat howled in sympathy. Donna seemed to thrive on the bedlam, but if you weren't used to it . . .

She hurried across the street and paused in front of the Hudson's Bay store, her mind leaping ahead to Barbie's party. She ought to get back to the office, but . . . She turned and went in, excitement stirring again. She must have a new dress — something simple, beautifully cut, expensive.

The dress box was on the seat beside her as she swung her little red car into the garage that evening. She had a corner apartment and she opened the door and closed it behind her with a little sigh. The sigh was a nightly ritual and a pure satisfaction.

Home . . . an exquisite blend of soft yellow walls, gold carpet and cherrywood, with accents of white, brown, and orange in the lamps, pictures, and bright pillows. She had spent much time and thought and she knew it was worth it. It was beautiful, it was comfortable . . . and it was hers.

She went into the apricot and French provincial bedroom and took the new dress from its box and put it on a hanger. This, too, was worth what it had cost her—a black chiffon and totally unadorned.

After a quick shower she got the easel, canvas, paints, and brushes and set up "shop" by the big south window. Slipping a smock over her white silk blouse and emerald velvet slacks, she regarded the painting thoughtfully.

It was going to be good! She was not an abstractionist, but neither was she traditional. Her paintings had a unique blocked-out, unusual quality of their own, and yet the small yellow sailboats upon a choppy sea of brown in this one looked wholly natural.

She knew she would never be a great painter, but what talent she had was developing. She had won a first and a second prize in a highly respected area art show, and had exhibited three at the galleries—and had sold one.

She set to work, but it didn't go well. Part of her mind kept listening for the telephone, and at last she slipped out of her smock and put everything away again. She put Brahms' Second Piano Concerto on the stereo and went into the compact kitchen with its Philippine mahogany cabinets, white counters and melon-red asphalt tile.

QUICKLY she put together a salad, grilled a chop and steamed half a package of frozen asparagus. She wasn't a grab-sandwich or nibble-from-the-refrigerator girl. She liked to eat and enjoyed these dinners alone. She thought of the sound and fury she was missing at Donna's and felt a rush of pure joy for this precious solitude.

She heard the stereo shut itself off and was about to go turn the record when the telephone rang.

She made herself wait before she answered. "Hello?"

"Hi, darling."

Disappointment hit the pit of her stomach like a plummeting rock. "Hi, Tommy."

"Had your dinner?"

"Just finished."

"Oh. I was tied up on that Callerow brief after I got out of court, so I just got home. I hope you hadn't eaten either and we could drive out some place." He waited, and when there was no answer, he said, "I could come over later."

Kitty's voice was filled with real regret. You couldn't let a man know you'd rather be alone and read than to go out with him, although it didn't matter too much with Tommy.

Dear Tommy, faithful Tommy . . . dull Tommy.

"I'm sorry, but not tonight."

He sighed and she could picture his rugged face, the disappointment in the blue eyes behind his glasses and the reddish crew cut where the scalp was beginning to show through. "Well, then . . . have you made up your mind about the party Saturday?"

"Perhaps we'd better go, Tommy. Why don't you pick me up around nine?"

"Am I going to see you before then?"

"Oh, Tommy . . . "

"Okay, okay. I just thought I'd ask. See you Saturday then."

He hung up with a reluctance that was almost audible and Kitty wished for a moment that she'd told him to come over. She didn't know why she hadn't cut Tommy Roselle off long ago. He'd been hanging around ever since high school, but when her parents had been killed

To page 33

FOLLOW the SUN

these winter lunchtimes with this new GOLDEN CIRCLE dish

CHICKEN BURGERS

Remove bones and skin from ½lb. cooked chicken. Mince fine. Place in bowl with ½lb. creamed potatoes, 1 tspn. grated onion, 1 tspn. chopped parsley and seasonings. Mix well, form into patties, dust with flour, dip in beaten egg and coat with fine dry crumbs. Fry golden brown both sides. Drain one 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, heat in pan when patties cooked. Serve burgers sandwich-style with filling of pineapple pieces. NOTE: Some cooks like to add ham or mushrooms to chicken burgers.

PEEL A CAN TODAY

Golden Circle Tropical PINEAPPLE PIECES

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents July 22 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

SINGER'S 'LOVE-LETTER' MARATHON

See page 7

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

It's not so bad to be a square

MY dictionary defined the word "square" in the adjectival sense as meaning "f a i r" or "evenly balanced," and the noun as "something forming a right angle." The verb "to square" means either "to multiply a number by itself" or to "agree exactly." Yet a person who does not dig modern music or go to dances or who does not exactly rave over The Beatles is termed a square.

To my mind a square person, if the dictionary definition is applied, is one who is evenly balanced, fair, and agreeing exactly. It seems to me that the person so described is a general all-rounder, enjoying both classical and other types of entertainment.

So if a stigma is to be attached to the people now termed square, make it something more appropriate, P L E A S E. — *"Teena," Naracoorte, S.A.*

No screaming

AN ardent Beatle fan, I paid 37/- for the chance to see John, George, Ringo, and Paul in Melbourne.

However, I am NOT a Beatlemaniac, and do not relish the thought of having paid so much money just to hear two thousand girls scream themselves hoarse, and many of my friends did not see The Beatles for this reason.

Do other teenagers agree with me in thinking that pop singers should, whenever possible, give one show at which anybody who screams should be removed from the audience?

This would allow non-hysterical fans to see, hear, and appreciate their idols, and it could even be that the artists themselves would appreciate being able to hear the results of their rehearsals. — *Pam Collings, Warrnambool, Vic.*

Only child

BECAUSE I am the only child in our family, many people (even some who do not know me very well) say, "You must be spoilt." I agree that some only children are given their own way too much, but it is not fair to judge us all by perhaps one or two.

I know a few only children who belong to families of different financial standing who are not spoilt. I think we should be judged by our own individual character. What are the views of other teenagers on only children? — *Heather Rowney, Northgate, Qld.*

Instant art

IF you ever find yourself bored, then here is an idea that will occupy your time for a mimimum amount of money.

Get a strip of board, some old newspapers, rags, and a paint brush, and old tins of paint in various colors.

After stirring the paint, pick the lightest color and paint it on the smooth side of the board. While the basic coat is still wet, pour another color on, and move the board around so that the color runs in all directions. Do this with each color so that all the colors mix together, then leave to dry.

I hung the abstract painting I had made this way on my wall just to see what it looked like, and was complimented on it so much that I have left it there. — *"Arty," Kingsgrove, N.S.W.*

A futile study?

AT high school I am in second year, and I am 13 years old.

Even after two years the science at school is getting more involved and harder to understand. I cannot see the point in learning all this complicated work. What use will the structure of the atom or electrolysis be when my main ambition is to be a kindergarten teacher? I would like to hear the views of other readers.— *Irene Combe, Randwick, N.S.W.*

A good cause

OUR school recently "adopted" an orphan in India. It is our duty to raise a certain sum to pay for her education, clothing, and other needs. To raise this money basketball matches, dances, and film showings are held with a small admission charge.

The committee for this appeal receive many letters of thanks from this girl, and consequently we are happy to know that we are working for a worthwhile cause. — *V.B., Launceston, Tas.*

Go go-karting

RECENTLY I joined a go-kart club and, after having a lot of fun there, bought a go-kart frame.

After making a few adjustments, I attached the family lawnmower to it as a motor.

Go-karting is a lot of fun and can be recommended to any teenager wanting excitement. — *K. R. Stidwill, Hurstville Grove, N.S.W.*

Jobs at home

MANY teenagers still attending school complain that they cannot obtain Saturday - morning jobs in department stores to earn extra cash.

However, there are many jobs around the home that can be done for extra pocket-money. They would have to be extra ones not normally done by the teenager, such as ironing, washing windows, and polishing floors.

Doing these would not only earn extra money, but would take a lot of work and worry off parents' shoulders. — *Diane Johnson, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

White Australia

OFTEN we hear the White Australia policy being attacked. Many teenagers jump on this bandwaggon because this policy is a blatant slap in the face to any decent ethics, w h e t h e r personal or national.

But have they really thought of what is the alternative? Most of us know some young educated Asians and they are some of the best people you could wish to know. We would be only too pleased to live side by side with them.

But throwing open our northern doors would bring other guests than these. There would be the thousands of starving, illiterate refugees who hope to throw off t h e i r wretchedness and improve their standards of living in our smug land of plenty.

Next Week:

- A special two-page article — illustrated in color — tells the fascinating story of a teenager who runs a beauty salon—for dogs. One of her dogs even became a stage star!
- Pop s t a r Colin Cooper is the color pin-up—with a story about his career.
- Beauty e x p e r t Carolyn Earle has hints for people sensitive or careless about wearing glasses.

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Entry for selected, educated migrants would not do. Their own countries' need for them is too great.

The average Australian attitude would make conditions unpleasant for any other kind of Asian migrant. They would congregate wherever they could find cheap accommodation and would be unhappy, having rejected their old homes and being rejected by their new.

White Australia is bad, but it is perhaps the lesser of two evils. — *David Hughes, North Essendon, Vic.*

Plump v. slim

FOR girls who are slightly overweight there is no need to worry about whether boys will like you as much as the girls who have lovely slim figures.

Boys like girls who can join in their fun and laugh at their jokes. It is better to be slightly overweight and happy and fun to be with than to be slim and gloomy.

As long as the girl keeps herself neat and buys clothes that suit her, rather than ones that are just fashionable, she should be able to look nice.

So I say do not worry, just follow these suggestions, and you will be a hit. — *Glen Colpo, Cheltenham, Vic.*

Reading survey

DECIDING to find out what kind of books other teenagers like to read, I asked all the members of my class (50 in number) what their choice of top books would be.

Here are the rather interesting results: 38 read only mystery stories, four liked reading crime stories, five read adventure stories, and out of the remaining three, there were two who liked reading geographical books! — *P. Foley, Cecil Park, N.S.W.*

Valuable tour

DURING the May vacation a group of 86 senior geography and history students from Ringwood High School, Victoria, with four teachers, went on an eight-day tour by bus.

We went to Sydney via the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, Goulburn, Cowra, and the Blue Mountains, where we went on the Skyway and Scenic Railway. We stayed at Manly for two days, while we explored Sydney's interesting rock formations, historical buildings, and modern structures.

We returned home via Wollongong (visiting the Port Kembla Iron and Steel Works), Canberra (visiting Parliament House and the War Memorial), and the Snowy Mountains Scheme, where we spent two days.

One of the conditions of the trip was that students write daily geography and history diary accounts. It was the first such trip undertaken by Ringwood High School, and has proved of inestimable value toward our education. — *Janet Shannon, Warrandyte, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"She said would you like to spend the afternoon with a beauty contest winner? Well, naturally . . ."

Is 16 too young to go steady?

READERS SAY . . .

● Because of their dictatorial ways, girls who go steady with boys at the age of 16 are missing out on a lot of fun, said "Surfer Girl" (T.W., 20/5/64).

IT is much more fun to be free and able to go out with different boys at 16. At that age I had a lot of fun and enjoyed my life of freedom while other girls of my age, who were going steady, had to stick to their boy-friends.

Now, at 18, I'm engaged and couldn't be happier than to just be with him. That's how quickly your ideas can change if you really fall in love.

As you start going with one boy, it's the beginning of preparation for marriage. Instead of thinking of yourself, suddenly you are thinking of your partner and planning things to make him happy and cheerful, learning to compromise and give understandingly.

Have your fun now, while you are young, and save your love till you meet the Mr. Right. Then you'll find yourself willing to give up everything else just to have him with you. — *"Engaged," Liverpool, N.S.W.*

ALTHOUGH I am not going steady (I am 16½) many of my friends are.

I know that they do not expect a girl to go everywhere they decide. It is mostly the other way round! Also, if a boy likes the girl, he will not leave her at home while he "has a time with the boys" but will either call for her or not go out at all.

If the girl likes the boy enough (she should, if she is going steady), she will not want to go off to talk to other people at dances.

Therefore, I think that "Surfer Girl" has the wrong idea about going steady. — *"Surfer Boy," Bingara, N.S.W.*

BEFORE going steady both parties must realise that the other one's interests must be of interest to them, otherwise there will be constant arguing and tiffs.

I know, because it took me two months to find all this out. But since I've realised it I've spent six months of happiness (there is no other word for it), with my wonderful steady.

Now we are planning to be married in two years (I am 16 and he is 21). We halve most of our expenses and always strive to make decisions together.

He hardly ever "sees the boys" now, because he is going steady with ME. — *Diane Williamson, Woolloongabba, Qld.*

TOO many people seem to regard girl- or boy-friends as a convenient necessity. That is, since most other people in their social circle have steadies, they would feel more socially secure if they had one, too.

Thus it is often through social pressure, rather than genuine affection, that steadies are acquired.

Could this perhaps be the reason for the failure of many teenage marriages? — *J. Elingreen, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

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SOME of the folksingers who entertain teenagers at the Coffee Hut on Sunday nights. From left to right in rear row are Ron Stringer, Mark Stevens, and John Roddick. In front of them are (from left) Tony Greenwood, Marilyn Sheeba, Margaret McIntyre (seated), and Rick Anyos. In foreground is Lynne St. John.

GUITARS, COFFEE, AND FUN AT CHURCH CLUB

● Dim lighting, candles in bottles, and fishnet drapes on the walls have transformed the Guildhall of St. Silas' Church, North Balwyn, Victoria, into a warmly welcoming Sunday night club for young people.

THERE they sit at low tables and listen to folk-singing, joining in if the mood moves them, drink coffee or soft drinks, and munch away at raisin-bread.

Known as the Coffee Hut, the club started early in April under the sponsorship of the 17 Plus Club, a St. Silas' Church Youth Club, and grew steadily in popularity until, by the middle of May, there was an attendance of 200 one cold Sunday night.

Anyone can join the Coffee Hut parties . . . there is no age limit and no denomination or locality rules. All you have to be is someone who enjoys an evening of entertaining folksinging in a warm and casual atmosphere.

There is no set programme . . . one of the folksingers will start strumming his guitar and singing a favorite, and gradually the other folksingers and their guitars . . . interspersed with a double bass, a banjo, and bongo drums . . . will take up the strain. Sometimes the audience group just listens intently; more often it gets carried away by the rhythm and joins in, too.

Hut habitues are charged 2/- entrance fee, 1/- for coffee, 1/6 for raisin-bread, and 9d for soft drinks.

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THE VICAR of North Balwyn St. Silas' Church, the Rev. J. P. Stevenson, has a yarn with folk-singer Lynne St. John at the Coffee Hut in the Guildhall.

LISTENING intently to the songs are, from left to right, Margaret Weichelt, Pam Seamer, Janet Matthews, and Jill Morey.

COFFEE and raisin-bread for Geoff Caspar and Helen Tudor served by Wendy Crook (left) and Kathie Hobbs through the servery.

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IT WOULD NEVER DO FOR THE DUKE, SIR —BUT . . .

QUEEN'S EX-PAGE PUTS ON A JOLLY GOOD SHOW

By BRIAN GIBSON

JEREMY CLYDE

● When young Englishmen Jeremy Clyde and Chad Stewart decided to get together and form a singing act they didn't have to search far for a gimmick.

FOR 23-year-old Jeremy is a direct descendant of the famous Duke of Wellington and he was a page at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth 11 years ago. Young Jeremy was attending his grandfather, the seventh Duke of Wellington, at the Coronation.

"We've found the Royal connection very handy," said Chad Stewart when I met him. "In these days, when every group has to have something different, we've found something that really is. But Jeremy doesn't take his Royal lineage very seriously, although, of course, he's very proud of it."

U.S. success

Jeremy and his 22-year-old partner had just returned from an American tour when I interviewed them. They had been taken to Hollywood by Dean Martin's mother, who met them while they were singing in Tina's Bar, a Mayfair cocktail lounge frequented by American and Australian visitors.

"She seemed impressed with us and said she would mention our names to Nick Romanoff, the Hollywood restaurateur," said Chad. "The next thing we knew there was a cable offering us work out there, and so we went."

Jeremy and Chad stayed in Hollywood as guests of Dean Martin, and they appeared on the television show "Hollywood Palace." They spent two weeks in Hollywood before leaving for appearances in Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Los Angeles.

"We had a marvellous time," said Jeremy. "We met Doris Day, Natalie Wood, Pat Boone, and Frank Sinatra, whom we had met once before in London. He was marvellous to us."

Their first record, penned by Chad, was "Yesterday's Gone," and, although voted a hit by British disc jockeys, it didn't catch on. But in America it has been a big chart success, and so has their follow-up, "Like I Love You Today."

The pair met up three years ago at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (R.A.D.A.), where Jeremy was studying acting and Chad speech. After going through a course Chad quit the school to enter the music business, and between them they developed an act.

Their backgrounds are vastly different. Jeremy's mother is Lady Elizabeth Clyde and his father Thomas Clyde, a film producer who is married to South African actress Mary Peach. Her last role was opposite Rock Hudson.

Chad's father is a timber merchant. Chad was once a chorister at Durham Cathedral and now writes songs with Russell Alquist, American husband of actress Juliet Mills. He turned to folk music after working with several rock groups as a guitarist.

Rock bored him

"I became bored with rock groups," said Chad. "The noise and the boredom got me down, so I teamed up with Jeremy. I don't know how you'd describe our style, because we've never given it a lot of thought ourselves. Generally we try to steer clear of current trends. We like to concentrate on entertaining people with pleasant songs. I write a lot of our material and the rest we take from folk music."

Before their American trip back in May, Chad and Jeremy had enjoyed a fair measure of success in Britain. Discovered by agent Tony Lewis in August, 1963, they have appeared on the major beat television shows and radio programmes.

Said Chad: "We won't stay in the pop business for too long. Jeremy still wants to take up acting, and he will return to that. I'll probably stay on as a songwriter."

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JACKIE WEAVER and Bryan Davies in the 1962 Sydney Christmas pantomime in which they first met. OUR COVER PICTURE shows Jackie with some of Bryan's letters from England and her favorite picture of him.

● Bryan Davies, who has been singing in London for the past five months or so, has written more than 100 letters to a Sydney schoolgirl — his girlfriend, Jackie Weaver.

They're just good (pen) friends

By KERRY YATES

"NUMBER 129 arrived today and I've just posted number 122," Jackie told me when I called recently. "We number them so we can read them in order — and also to keep count to see if we can break Mummy and Daddy's letter record."

Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Weaver were married in London, 20 years ago, Mr. Weaver was transferred back to Australia with the Army. He wrote 140 letters to Jackie's mother, who stayed in England for four and a half months before coming to live in Sydney.

"So thrilled"

"I kept them for years," said Mrs. Weaver, "but finally decided to burn them a few months ago."

"That's not very romantic," Jackie said, "I've got all mine tied with a big mauve ribbon and I'm going to keep them for ever."

"She's so thrilled with all her letters," Mrs. Weaver laughed, "sometimes I think she's still such a little girl."

Jackie, 17, is a pretty pint-size blonde (she's just under 5ft. tall) and is studying for her Leaving Certificate at school this year. She wants to be an actress and has already appeared in television and stage shows in Sydney.

Jackie met Bryan, 19, about 18 months ago when they starred in the pantomime "A Wish Is a Dream" together.

They also starred together again in two stage productions running at the same time in Sydney last Christmas, "Mother Goose" and "Once Upon A Surfie."

After the school holidays Jackie went back to school and in March Bryan went to England.

In London Bryan has been singing on television and in clubs, making a record, and writing to Jackie.

"One or two come nearly every day and a couple of times I've found seven in the mail-box after they've banked up in the post," said Jackie. "And it was marvellous after the postal strike in April. I got 12 letters on one day!

"Our postman must wonder who writes so many letters to me. But Mummy says he's never said anything — he just winks as he gives her my letters each day."

As the postman doesn't call till around 10 a.m., Jackie has to wait until she comes home from school to see if there are any letters from Bryan.

"And Thursdays are just awful," said Jackie. "Something must happen to the mail, because I hardly ever get one that day."

But Jackie doesn't complain to Bryan. She knows she's very spoilt getting so many letters on the other days of the week.

"Bryan usually writes his letters when he gets back to his flat after singing engagements," she said, "and sometimes they're written at three or four in the morning.

Jealous

"He just talks about what he's been doing. He went to Paris for the weekend a while back — I was so jealous, because I'd love to go there — and 'flatted' in an old building with some art students.

"He has been going out with a crowd of young dentists in London," said Jackie, "and he writes that he had tea with Patsy Ann Noble and Judy Cannon a few days back."

Although she thinks Bryan's writing is quite hard to understand, Jackie doesn't have any difficulty reading it now.

"I've had so much practice — why, a couple of letters have been 25 pages long," she said. "Anyway, I'm glad the writing is hard to read. No one else will be able to read them!"

Jackie usually writes to Bryan when she comes home from school, as well as three or four times every weekend.

Bryan rang Jackie the first week he was in London and also rang for her birthday in May.

"It was lovely," she said, "We spoke for about five minutes."

And on the morning of her birthday she received a huge sheaf of flowers, including a small bunch of violets, from him.

Jackie has pressed the violets and keeps them in her bedroom with her two favorite pictures of Bryan and two special gifts from him — "Cuthbert" and "Fred."

"Cuthbert" is a floppy rag clown which Bryan gave her before he went overseas, and "Fred" is a doll from Scotland.

Bryan is expected home about September. "It's not a very long time to be away for his career," said Jackie, "but it's certainly a long time for me."

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Styles that

PHILLIP THORLEY, shop display manager, approves of the "college cut" styled by Mr. Sid Lennard.

WARD AUSTIN, a disc jockey, finds this long-at-the-front style short enough for sailing his father's ketch. He has "the last of the parts," his fans say.

MIKE ALEXANDER, a model and champion surfer, wears his dark hair long with a side part. This neat "young-executive" look is very popular with the under-25s.

PETER BRASS, a schoolteacher with the shorter, conservative look, ideal for football and surfing. Mr. Lennard says there is little demand for tinting or waving.

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t go to boys' heads

● "The conservative, 'junior-executive' look is big with the young Australian man," said Mr. Sid Lennard, a men's hairstylist in Sydney. "Boys are wearing their hair longer, in smarter styles.

By KERRY YATES

"EXHIBITIONIST styles, with kiss-curls and side-burns, have fallen by the roadside, as well as the tendency to copy the cuts of film and singing stars."

Mr. Lennard, who has travelled extensively overseas, had his own barber's shop in Regent Street, London, before he came to Australia 17 years ago.

"When I started hairdressing about 38 years ago, the Rudolph Valentino look was still influencing men's hairstyles," he said. "And I've seen the Victor Mature, Cornell Wilde, Tony Curtis, Perry Como, Elvis, and now The Beatle look.

"I think Beatle bobs are just a passing phase, and not a very big one, in Australia—thank goodness!

"Beatle cuts are sometimes the result of a carefully studied shapelessness, or just a boy who needs a haircut!

"Short and long versions of the 'college cut,' fairly short all over with a small side part, are very popular," Mr. Lennard said. "It's ideal for the sports-minded Australian teenager who likes to surf and play football.

"Crew cuts, which are copied from those worn by the American sailors, are still worn by lifesavers and athletes.

"The 'Julius Caesar' cut —longer hair brushed forward with no part—has become very popular over the past 12 months. But it must be trimmed regularly or it soon grows into a Beatle cut."

Mr. Lennard thinks boys should have their hair trimmed every two weeks, but says that most seem to leave it for six to eight weeks and "some look as though they have a trim only once or twice a year."

"Australian boys don't worry enough about their hair," Mr. Lennard said. "Most seem to think it 'sissy' to pamper it, but hair is an important part of good grooming.

"European men, especially the French, are fastidious about their hair and Australians are just the opposite — they seem to think a visit to the barber is a necessary waste of time and effort.

"But I'm happy to say that over the past few years the under - 25s have become more conscious of their hair and have definite ideas of how they want it cut."

Mr. Lennard always has to consider two important factors—the shape of the head and texture of the hair—before agreeing with a client that a certain style would suit him.

"As most young Australian boys, I'd say about seven out of ten, don't wear hair oil, I have to cut and train it to lie flat without it," he said.

"Although the boys won't admit it, I think it's their girl-friends who talk them out of using heavy hair oil."

We have photographed the hairstyles worn by a few young Sydney men, and according to Mr. Lennard "they are good examples of the longer, yet conservative, look popular in Australia today."

CRAIG OSMENT, a newspaper office boy who hopes to become a Press artist, is often called a "blond Beatle!" Craig has to have a trim every six to eight weeks.

DOUG KUJOVIC, a newspaper office boy who wants to be a Press photographer, has a long Caesar-cut and has a trim only two or three times a year.

JOHN LOCK, a trainee interior decorator, says: "I've been wearing my hair long for years, but it's been cut short since people said I was copying The Beatles!"

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BANDSTAND

Can The Beatles last like Elvis?

● You don't read much about the men who manage the stars — yet the success of most artists is due to clever behind-the-scenes management.

● Picture at right shows Elvis Presley (right) with his manager, COLONEL TOM PARKER. Can the Beatles' manager, BRIAN EPSTEIN, keep his charges' career going as long as Parker has kept his boy's?

PROBABLY the two best-known managers in the world today are **Colonel Tom Parker** and **Brian Epstein.**

Parker has proved his managerial abilities by keeping the **Presley** legend intact through wild rock days, through Elvis' stint in the Army, and now that he is generally accepted as a film star.

The argument as to whether **The Beatles** can survive the avalanche of publicity and exposure focused on them—and still emerge as a top group —must eventually come back to how good Brian Epstein is as a manager.

If he is as good as Elvis' Colonel Parker, The Beatles could go on for a long, long time.

So far Epstein hasn't put a foot wrong, but he does have more to think about and more to consume his time and talent.

Colonel Parker, as far as I know, confines himself to managing Elvis, whereas Epstein not only has The Beatles but other groups and artists as well. And, strangely enough, The Beatles are probably easier to manage, even though there are four of them.

They are the first pop-music artists to be quite outspoken and honest in their interviews and quite frank in the images they present to the public.

Elvis, on the other hand, has always had his image carefully guarded and all his publicity vetted by the Colonel before being released.

I think The Beatles are fortunate in being able to say exactly what they think and feel. But such a drastic move as this could have been a failure.

It must have taken a lot of courage on Epstein's part to let them speak their minds.

I think teenagers tended to get a bit tired and disbelieving of arranged images, and The Beatles provided a refreshing change.

THE CLASSICS

BACH: Easter Oratorio

ONE of Bach's joyous religious works, the Easter Oratorio, has been recorded for C.B.S. by conductor Eugene Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and a quartet of distinguished soloists.

The performance may not be as scholarly as some recent Bach recordings, but it captures the general spirit of the music excitingly.

This music seems to express the joy of the Resurrection so well that it may come as a shock to find that it was originally written for a different occasion and different words altogether — a cantata in celebration of the birthday of the Duke of Sachsen-Weissenfels. Bach simply fitted new words to the old music.

This does not mean that Bach was cynical or irreverent; he was far from being either, though he was certainly overworked. But music in Bach's day was much more "generalised" in style than it is now, and, as long as the basic mood was the same, different words could often be fitted to the music — as here, and in many of Handel's movements — without it seeming incongruous.

The soloists in this performance are soprano Judith Raskin, contralto Maureen Forrester, tenor Richard Lewis, and bass Herbert Beattie.

—MARTIN LONG

Keep an eye on Jenny

LOOK out for **Jenny Bradley:** After hearing her first disc, "Everything's Coming Up Roses" and "Oh, Johnny," I think nine-year-old Jenny is a little girl with a big future and is here to stay.

JAMES DEAN

James Dean "lives" again

ON September 30, 1955, a young man named **James Dean** was killed in a car crash and the world mourned the death of a young actor destroyed at the peak of his career.

Americans experienced incredible scenes of mass-mourning not seen since the death of **Rudolph Valentino.**

The mass hysteria among Dean's fans bordered on the macabre, and even years after his death two girls committed suicide because of him.

He won, posthumously, an award as the Best Actor of the Year for his last movie, "East of Eden," and was nominated for an Academy Award. I saw "East of Eden" and thought he was brilliant. I found him as exciting as Brando in many of **his** early films.

No one will ever know how good he might have been or how far he might have gone had he lived.

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

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BY Brian Henderson

But now his life story is made, starring French pop singer **Johnny Hallyday.**

Frankly, I think the nearest anyone will come to understanding the real talent of James Dean will be by seeing a documentary-type programme showing film clips of him on and off camera.

"Best of Jim Reeves"

"THE BEST OF JIM REEVES," an R.C.A. album, is just that—the best. It contains some of his best-known numbers, including "Four Walls," "He'll Have To Go," and "500 Miles."

Jim Reeves recently finished filming a musical in South Africa called "Strike It Rich," in which he stars as Lucky Jim.

Just wild about Harry

A FINE double album released by R.C.A., "Belafonte at the Greek Theatre," recorded in Los Angeles, shows **Harry Belafonte** working better than ever.

This is his first audience-participation disc since his successful Carnegie Hall album. It proves, once again, that he is a master with an audience.

Cicadas off to England

THE CICADAS are sailing to London in October and plan to be away about four months.

They hope to make some recordings while there and have already lined up personal appearances.

By the way, they have already rated a mention on the front page of one of the top English newspapers.

When The Beatles returned from America there was a paragraph about the visiting rivals from Australia.

The boys don't know how the story got there, but, naturally, were thrilled about it.

Well, that's all for the time being.

SO LONG, AUSTRALIA. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

GUEST STARS

"IF you haven't got a sound like six trucks on the loose you don't make the grade with the teenagers," commented Dave Lincoln, 21-year-old leader of The Phantoms (see pin-up page 16), the Melbourne group which appeared in Australia with The Beatles.

"We were delighted, to say the least," said Dave happily about the show-business honor which befell the group.

Dave (lead guitar), Peter Watson, 19 (bass guitar), Bob Garde, 20 (guitar), and Alan Fenton, 20 (drums), have been playing together for four years, which gives them the chance to say quite freely that The Beatles have had no influence on the Phantom brand of music.

"Though, naturally, we are asked to do Beatle numbers," said Bob.

Dave (who bears a noticeable resemblance to Beatle John Lennon), Alan, and Peter were all born in England (not Liverpool) and have been in Australia only four years.

The three formed the group soon after they arrived; Bob, the only Australian of the quartet, joined them some months later.

The Phantoms have played in nearly every Victorian country town, and for six months of the year do shows at Melbourne's Festival Hall every second Sunday, for the Royal Children's Hospital Appeal.

So far the group hasn't hit the record-field jackpot. Their first three records, an extended play and two singles, did not make much impression. They have high hopes for their recently released LP.

"It's mostly rock music," said Dave, "a mixture of instrumental and vocals."

This will be followed by a single—vocal on one side, instrumental on the other, and both written by Dave.

The boys all have jobs during the day. Dave is a metal polisher, Peter a printer, Alan a storeman, and Bob a P.M.G. technician.

Any girl-friends? "No," the four chorused.

—SCARTH FLETT.

THE CICADAS (from left), John Rigby, John Kaye, and Jeff Dart.

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TOPS IN SPORT

Nan never says diet!

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Rich, fattening foods are usually taboo for swim stars, but Sydney schoolgirl Nanette Duncan, who will represent Australia at the Tokyo Olympics, is currently living it up on ice-cream, cakes, and any other calorie-loaded goodies she feels like eating.

NANETTE DUNCAN

HER generous diet makes Nanette the envy of many of her team-mates who are battling to keep their weights down in this important pre-Olympic training period.

Nanette, on the other hand, is one of the new brigade of slimmer swimmers, and her problem in recent weeks has been to try to add to her poundage.

And this is a problem which Nanette (whose average weight of 10½ stone is rationed over a height of 5ft. 10in.) has faced with a full measure of enthusiasm.

"You see," she admits, "I just love to eat, and I couldn't have been happier when my coach, Don Talbot, told me I had to eat, eat, eat so that I'd put on weight before I go to Townsville with the swimmers on August 1.

"It's not really that I have to be any heavier to swim my fastest, but once I start serious training the pounds start to fall off.

"And being underweight is no good for a swimmer. You get tired too easily, and you're a sitting shot for infections, etc. — so it's more sensible (and more fun) for me to build up on apple-pie and cream, so that by the Games in October I'll be my normal weight."

Nanette, a 16-year-old Leaving student at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon, is being helped in her weight-building campaign by her mother's good home cooking.

"It hasn't been easy for Nanette to put on weight," said Mrs. Duncan. "She has always liked her food, so just eating good meals made no difference.

"I really had to get liberal with the calories and put lashings of cream on her porridge, give her large helpings of potatoes with such dishes as pork chops, and break all the diet rules I knew.

"But there's no doubt she has enjoyed it all. To give you an idea of how fond she is of food, she told me she has learnt just three Japanese words: 'hallo, goodbye, and food,' and she thinks that should get her by in Tokyo."

Nanette, who began swimming lessons in her home suburb of Bankstown when she was eight, has won selection for Tokyo in the 400 metres freestyle and 100 metres backstroke events.

Nanette was one of the babies of the 1962 Perth Games team, and her swimming successes to date include N.S.W. State titles in both freestyle and backstroke, and placings in the 1963 and 1964 national championships.

Out of the pool, Nanette is a keen student, and she will sit for her Leaving exams just after her return from Tokyo at the end of October.

She realises that it will be tough going to pass, as with Townsville and Tokyo she'll miss a term's schooling. But she's quite resigned to repeating the Leaving in 1965, which she describes as an "off-year in swimming."

After that she hopes to do an Arts course. "I love animals and wanted to be a vet, but my chemistry's not good enough, so I don't know what I'll finally do," she said.

Nanette enjoys playing the piano for relaxation.

Next week: Barry Bray.

Beauty in brief: FACE SHINE

TOO much natural oil on the skin, with persistent shine on nose, chin, forehead, and cheekbones, plus the tendency to overall coarseness that usually goes with it, can pose a problem in make-up.

Above all things, oily skin requires speckless cleansing. Always begin make-up with a thorough clean-up and make a point of wiping the face and neck over with astringent or skin tonic before putting on foundation.

The idea is to help control oiliness and provide a completely dry surface for cosmetics.

Apply foundation with a very light touch—if you're heavy-handed you stimulate the oil glands, causing your make-up to streak.

Next, apply a film of powder like this: press the powder gently but firmly into the foundation, working upwards from neck to forehead. With a powder-brush or a rolled-up "sausage" of cottonwool, stroke away the excess powder.

The last is one part of make-up in which you should work downward over the tiny hairs of the face.

If you're shy of powdering, one coat should do the trick. On the other hand, if you don't mind an extra layer—it can be a help when you're out and about in the evening—simply repeat the above directions and your make-up should last much longer.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Kiss-shy

"WE are two 16-year-old schoolgirls in fifth year at High School and we share a similar problem. Most of the other girls in our form have boy-friends—except us. We have been out once or twice with boys, but just like to be friendly with them. However, they seem to have different opinions and feel that 'girls were made to love and kiss.' Our problem is that although we think we would enjoy going out with boys, we cannot bear the thought of having to kiss them. We have never allowed any boy to kiss us. Do you think we are being juvenile about the whole affair? Is it unusual that we should feel this way and if so, would you please let us know what is wrong with us?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

Emotional maturity comes at different times to different teenagers. Some girls are interested in boys when they are scarcely out of their childhood years—others couldn't care less until they are 18 or 19.

And there are lots of girls who feel as you do about kissing — until they meet a boy they really want to kiss!

Don't ask me how, why, or when this happens, but it just does.

However, you shouldn't let the thought of that goodnight kiss prey on your mind before a date.

Just concentrate on enjoying yourself with the boy, and if, afterwards, you have to avoid an unwelcome kiss, do it gently.

Turn your face at the crucial moment so that the boy gets only a taste of cheek—or just murmur a quiet, unmelodramatic: "I'd rather you didn't just now."

Don't go as far as one girl I know who had been seeing too many Bette Davis films on television —she rewarded a goodnight kiss with a resounding slap on the face!

Spiteful stories

"SIX months ago I was going with a very nice boy, but now it is all over. However, I have a problem. A friend of mine will not leave me alone. She is very bitter toward me because I was chosen by her friends to play basketball for her team instead of her and she is no longer in the team. Now she finds she can only pay me back by referring to this boy I mentioned. She is saying untrue things about the way I 'carried on' with him. She does this because she knows it is the only way to annoy me. Her stories are hurtful and made worse by the fact that I still like the boy a great deal. I am considering dropping out of the team, but maybe this will make no difference as the team still wouldn't really want her. Besides, I love basketball and I'd be letting down the team if I do this. What should I do?"

"Bothered," N.S.W.

I don't think your friends would believe this girl's tales for a minute —surely it is obvious to everyone that she is just being spiteful because you were chosen for the team?

Try completely ignoring her for a while. Don't give her the satisfaction of showing that her tale-telling has any effect on you and, above all, don't play right into her hands by dropping out of the team.

If ignoring her for a while doesn't stop the girl's stories, then I think you have no choice but to visit her parents and tell them that their daughter is spreading rumors about you. But do this only as a last resort. Silence is far, far better.

Does he like her?

"I HAVE been going with a boy for several months now, and it may sound funny but all this time I have never at any moment been quite sure that he likes me. We have been out quite a lot and talk often on the phone and get along well, except for the fact that he does all the talking and I feel very conscious of myself for not being able to hold a good conversation with him.

At the end of a day's outing, for no special reason at all, I feel as though he doesn't like me (this happens after every outing). Do you think I'm too conscious of not being able to talk much and that this causes me to think he doesn't like me or is it something else? He obviously does like me because he still rings me up and takes me out, but I still get this funny feeling. Can you help me?"

J.P., N.S.W.

What's your problem?

As you say, this boy obviously DOES like you or he wouldn't keep asking you out.

I think it is only because you are unsure of yourself that you have these doubts and worries, but surely the fact that this boy has been coming back for more of your company after several months is reassuring enough!

If you have trouble in holding a conversation with your boy-friend, can't you really bone up on the things that interest him?

Think back over the past few months. What has he talked to you about most? What are his hobbies—his interests? And talk to him, too, about things that interest YOU—find out his ideas on your pet subjects.

Once you break through that shyness barrier I'm sure you'll both find you have so much to say to each other that there's scarcely time on a date.

A word from Debbie...

HOW to Succeed in Scaring Off Boys — Without Really Trying! . . .

1. Ogle every Tom, Dick, or Harry within range all the time you're with him.
2. Never start getting ready for a date until he actually calls for you—and greet him with your hair still in rollers.
3. Disguise yourself with inches of make-up, with lots of smudgy black round the eyes.
4. Call him sugary pet-names in front of his friends.
5. Make him feel strong and manly by telling him about all your other conquests.
6. Always try to be the loudest and brashest girl at the party. This is sure to show a boy just how popular you are and will make him run like mad—in the opposite direction.
7. Stick like glue to his side at every party, even when he's talking to the boys.
8. Be catty about all the people you know, especially the girls he admires.
9. Yawn when he talks about football or any hobby of his, and change the subject.
10. Don't forget to phone him twice a day to chatter about the dress you're having made or what your sister said to her boy-friend!

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MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAMES!

● This column is five years old this month.

FIVE years . . . That's quite a long time — and it's quite a long list of columns and quite a few words.

It's 250 pieces in round (some readers might say "square"!) figures, and — with each averaging, say, 300 words — 75,000 words all together.

At an average of about 20 puns a column it all adds up to roughly (sometimes very roughly!) 5000 puns.

A lot has happened during those five years — not the least important aspect being that I have aged accordingly.

I am now the oldest teenager in the business!

This column has seen, too, teenage fads and fashions and idols blossom, fade, and die.

When I wrote my first piece, the most-admired male hair in the world then belonged to Kookie (actor Edd Byrnes), the hep car-hop of TV's "77 Sunset Strip."

If there were surfies and rockers no one called them that then.

Over the years dresses have varied between the knee- (and then some) freezing ya-ya skirts and the floor-sweeping Mods' dolly-bird gowns.

And the dances . . . The years are crowded with the Twist, the Stomp, the Mods' Nod, the Hootenanny, the Limbo Rock—and so on, and so on.

In 1959 Pat Boone and Elvis were the reigning kings of pop music.

Col Joye had only been in the disc business about a year.

And no one had ever heard of The Beatles — least of all people like a 17-year-old boy named Paul McCartney.

Flipping back through a 1959 file I see that a Big Show tour was coming, starring Johnnie Ray.

Hey, stand up the 13-year-old Beatle fans who said, "Who?" . . .

— Robin Adair

Gentleman's choice

"WE are two girls of seventeen and are very good friends. Recently one of us was with a boy at a party where we were both present. Although we know quite a few other boys we find we are both much attracted to the same boy. Owing to certain circumstances we see him at the same time, so we do not know his feelings toward us individually, although we know by what he has said that he is attracted to us. Most girls enjoy his company, but he only pays attention to the girls that he really likes. Our problem is how to find out when we next see him which one he likes best, as he is very nice and seems to be considering both our feelings (although he doesn't know that both of us like him and to what extent). There is a dance soon to which we have to invite partners and whichever of us he likes best would like to ask him. Could you please help us by advising how we should solve our problem? We will not let his decision break up our friendship, as we realise it is up to him to make the choice."

"Taurus and Virgo," Qld.

It sounds as though, at this stage, this boy likes both of you equally well.

Does he have a close boy-friend? If so, couldn't both you invite both of them to this forthcoming dance? Both be ready to be called for at the same place (one of your homes), and have both the boys come along to collect you.

By the end of the evening, with no definite arrangements as to who is going with whom, I should think it would be clear which girl the boy is more interested in.

But stick to your resolutions. Don't let the boy's choice upset your friendship.

And, incidentally, at the dance consider the other boy's feelings. Be careful not to make him feel like the booby prize in a raffle.

Conceited beauty

"I AM a gorgeous-looking girl with a fabulous figure, but I have a terrible personal problem—all my sister's boy-friends fall in love with me. I have tried to dissuade them and told them that my sister has a wonderful personality, but they won't listen."

"Popular," Vic.

I hope you're not serious, but if you are, I'm sure it won't take the boys long to discover your vanity. And no boy likes a vain, egotistical girl, no matter how pretty.

As for helping the boys discover your sister's wonderful personality: They'll probably do it of their own accord after they cease being swamped by you.

Chasing a chaser

"I AM a boy of 15 and I am becoming very tired of a girl in a class below me. She follows me everywhere and during the weekend she and her girl-friend ride their bikes round and round the block in which our house is situated. The boys at school are beginning to call me by her name and I am becoming increasingly fed up by this. Can you please help me by showing me a way to stop her from following me without hurting her feelings?"

"Exasperated," S.A.

I feel as though I should be giving advice to your young admirer instead of to you.

As the girl gets older she will come to realise that not too many boys like to be chased. Men prefer to be the hunters—or to THINK they are, anyway.

Probably the only solution to your problem (apart from giving the girl time to grow out of her crush) would be to face up to her. Next time you see her riding round your house, come out and talk to her.

Invent an imaginary girl-friend and chat on about this beautiful, wonderful, fictional figure. Say you first became interested in this girl-friend because she seemed so aloof—and so hard to get.

Tell her about one of your school-friends who is plagued to death by a girl who won't stop chasing him.

She may not be deceived—but she may get the message without too many hurt feelings.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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THE PHANTOMS, the Melbourne-based rock group that appeared with The Beatles during their Australian visit. (See story page 11.) At back, from left to right, they are group leader Dave Lincoln, Alan Fenton, and Bob Garde; kneeling in front is Peter Watson.

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in a car crash six years ago, Donna and she would never have managed without Tommy.

He had guided them through their grief and the bewildering aftermath, had protected them in the legal details of the will and the task of selling the big old house. He asked her to marry him with clocklike regularity and the fact that she refused just as regularly didn't seem to discourage him at all. Occasionally he took out another girl, but not often.

She looked at the clock, frowning faintly as she began to straighten the kitchen. She looked at it again when she had finished, and again after a second cup of coffee. But it was ten minutes after eleven before she laid aside her book and admitted to herself that the telephone wasn't going to ring again tonight.

Then a new thought struck her: Jason Strand was no callow youth; he knew the value of strategy, too . . . and, darn him, his strategy had worked! She'd been sitting here like a schoolgirl all evening, getting more impatient every minute, just as he'd known she would.

Well, bless his little pointed head. When he called tomorrow, she would have a hard time remembering him! So help her, she would!

She waited all the next day, the next evening, the day after that. Finally, alternating between exasperation and puzzlement, and feeling sneaky and subversive, she called Barbie Bertram on Saturday morning. "I know it's unforgivable at this late date, Barbie, but you ought to know that Tommy and I are coming to your party after all."

"Glory be! I was beginning to wonder if I was going to have a party. Jan's twins have measles and Gordie and Evvie's poodle is having pups and Tim and Betty left for that convention in Banff. Honestly! And I'm not sure of Jason Strand, either. I want you to meet him, Kit. He's a doll."

"I've met him, Barbie. Hap introduced us at the Sky Room. Isn't he coming?"

"That's just it. I don't know. He had to go away and might not get back."

"That's a little rough on his girlfriend, isn't it?" Kitty asked carelessly.

"Oh, sure, if he had one. I despise unbalanced parties, but I made an exception for him. He's new here and doesn't know many people, so I told him he was welcome with or without a girl. But if he met you, Kit, I'm surprised he didn't call you. New men always fall flat on their big fat faces at the first glimpse of our gorgeous glamor girl."

KITTY laughed. "You make me sound like a point of interest, like Stanley Park."

"Well, it's true, Kit. We all know that we were second choice, that our husbands had asked you first, and if you weren't so darned nice and if we weren't so grateful to you for turning them down, and if we didn't love you so much, we wouldn't put up with you."

"Why, Barbie!"

Barbie's voice was suddenly low. "We do love you, Kitty. You know that. And we want you to be happy. Forgive me, but sometimes we wonder if you are."

"You what?" Kitty cried, astonished. "But why?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . it's just that . . ." Barbie's voice trailed off, then became brisk, positive. "Anyway, I'm glad you're coming, Kit. I can understand why Jason didn't call you, not being sure he could make it, but I'll wager he's hoping he does get back. So there."

Kitty hung up, her pride revived. Not, of course, that she had been really concerned, but it was nice to know there had been a reason . . .

Barbie's living-room was crowded when Kitty and Tommy arrived.

Donna waved from a far corner as Kitty crowded on to a big divan with Sandra Gamble and Mary Hamilton, who, after quick greetings, went back to their discussion of slimming exercises, leaving Kitty free to survey the room and take stock. But she had known, in one swift, encompassing glance as she came in, that Jason Strand was not here. Darn . . . she wished she hadn't worn the new dress; no, she wished she hadn't come at all.

Continued from page 32

NEW MAN IN TOWN

"Here, beautiful." Joe Bertram put a martini in her hand, leaned over and kissed her on the cheek and was gone. Tommy sauntered over, carrying a double Scotch. "Joe remembered your favorite, I see. Anything else I can get you, darling?"

"No thanks, Tommy . . . don't worry about me. Travel around and live it up."

He stood there a moment, then wandered away. The same old pattern, she thought. And how long had these parties been going on? At least twice a month in one home or another since college days, and she was careful to perpetuate the ritual herself, taking them all to the Country Club for dinner and dancing at frequent intervals.

It cost her more than she could afford, but it was all she could do until she had a home of her own and could entertain as they did. Then she would spend days washing windows, scrubbing floors, polishing silver, and preparing food like the rest of them.

And like them, after it was over, she would spend days cleaning it all up again, fretting over spilled food on the carpeting and repairing cigarette burns.

Some day, of course, after the obstetrician and pediatrician fees, the tonsillectomies, the tooth-straightening, the landscaping, and the sprinkling system, and the myriad other problems had been dealt with, and after the promotions had caught up with the mortgage, and when the college funds were safely in the bank, then and at last the discarded budget could be thrown into the garbage can along with all the other grinding sacrifices, to be replaced with laundresses, cleaning women, caterers, travel folders, Cadillacs, and mink.

But it was a long, tortuous journey from one point to the other, Kitty thought. These dear friends of hers were well on their way, but she hadn't even embarked.

What had held her back?

She looked over at Freddy Sidkins, brandishing an imaginary golf club

To page 34

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Method: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Beat in the sugar gradually. Beat in the egg yolks. Fold in the flour, cocoa and coffee that have been sifted together three times. Fold in the water. Divide into two greased and floured 7" sandwich tins and bake in a mod. oven 350° or Reg. 5 Gas — 400° Electric for 15-20 mins. When cold fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavoured with instant coffee. Ice with chocolate icing. The sponges may be split through the centre and sandwiched with the cream making a four-layer cake if desired.

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Continued from page 33

NEW MAN IN TOWN

as he demonstrated some point or other to Harve Gibbs. She had been crazy about Freddy in college.

All she had wanted from life was Freddy . . . and when the day came when he implored her to marry him, she had panicked.

Her gaze shifted to Parley Duerr, a bank vice-president, talking to Tina Bolton.

I loved him, Kitty thought, but not enough.

She looked around the room: Freddy, Parley, Hap, Joe, Bill, Hank . . . and Tommy, of course. She moved restlessly, aware that Mary Hamilton was watching her.

"Counting the house, Kit?"

"Just looking."

Mary took a deep breath. "Kitty, when are you and Tommy going to be married?"

Kitty stared. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mary!"

"He adores you, Kit, and after all . . . well, what are you waiting for?" Mary stood up. "It's none of my business, but you can't go on like this forever, Kit. There comes a time, you know." Mary turned and walked away and Sandra Gamble leaned over.

"Don't be angry, Kitty. We just hope . . ."

"Well, don't," Kitty said irritably.

"Well . . ." Sandra stopped as the door chime sounded, waiting to see who had come.

He stood in the hall, talking to Barbie and for a split second Kitty was not aware of the girl beside him. Just a split second, because after that she was not aware of anyone else. A lovely girl, a beautiful girl in a green-and-white print. Vivid, young.

She watched with an almost paralysing sense of disbelief as Barbie took them around the room.

Kitty wet her lips. "Who is she?"

"Why, that's Cassie Wood, Evvie's kid sister."

Kitty had a dim memory of a noisy brat in the Country Club pool—peeling sunburn, knobby knees, and nothing but bones. That was ten years ago.

She looked at the huge modernistic clock seeing that it was twenty minutes to ten, and yet not seeing. Ten years ago, and I was twenty-three, she thought achingly. Ten years . . . and now I'm thirty-three.

Now she could translate Barbie's concern. Mary's asperity and Sandra's gentle warning: You're getting old, Kitty. You're not a glamor girl any more. Tommy could be your last chance . . .

Barbie was coming closer with Jason and Cassie. Kitty looked quickly around for Tommy, but he was out on the patio with Hap. She couldn't let Jason find her sitting here like a wallflower! She had to get out of here.

She got up and made her way to the kitchen, almost bumping into Joe, a freshly opened bottle of Scotch in each hand.

"Sorry, Joe. I just wanted a . . . a drink of water."

"Water? You're cracking up, old girl." He hurried away, shaking his head.

Old girl. She never would have noticed it ten minutes ago, but now the words were twin arrows.

She went to the door, gazing out, remembering Mary's tart words: "You can't go on like this forever, Kit, There comes a time . . ."

Well, the time had come and now it was running out. She had to run with it or be left behind. And there was only one way to run . . . to Tommy. There had been only Tommy for a long time. Dear Tommy, faithful Tommy . . . dull Tommy.

She swallowed the lump in her throat, watching the moonlight cut a swathe across the lawn. We'll have a yard like this, she thought. We'll have a kitchen like this and I'll sit across the table from Tommy every morning and every night. I'll wash and iron his clothes and cook.

She leaned against the doorframe, her eyes closed, her throat tight. Then she straightened as she heard someone come into the room.

"Hi, there," Jason Strand. "I saw you when I came in, then you disappeared."

She summoned a flashing smile from sheer habit. "It's a favorite trick of mine . . . and apparently of yours, too."

He shrugged. "Cassie is surrounded in there."

Just as I was ten years ago, she thought — ten years, and now I'm pushed up on the shelf to make room for the Cassies.

"Shouldn't you fight your way through the mob?"

"She'll be there when I get back." His eyes went over her. "That's a wonderful dress. Not many women could wear it." He regarded her a moment and she saw something kindle, catch fire behind his eyes. He pulled two of the maple chairs away from the table. "Here, let's sit down. Hap didn't give me a chance to talk to you the other day. You're a real, honest-to-gosh artist, aren't you?"

KITTY, aware of the intimate tone in his voice, let her eyes wander over his face before she answered. "That depends on what you mean. I've come a long way, but I still have a long way to go. You're never a good as you want to be."

He nodded. "That's true. I could never find enough time for painting at home, but I catch myself wanting to make time since I came here. So I'm digging away, but it's rough going. Either I have no talent or I lack the technique."

"You can't do much about the talent, but technique is something else again." Kitty sat up, really interested now. "You have to learn it thoroughly and then you have to forget it. You have to . . ." She stopped, realising that he wasn't listening. His eyes were on her mouth, her throat, then came back to meet her eyes, and his voice was low.

"Heavens, but you're beautiful!"

She didn't move, afraid to spoil this moment. They sat looking at each other and then, abruptly, he stood up, reaching to pull her to her feet. "We've got to back to the party, dammit. When can I see you again? I've got to see you again."

She kept her voice light, offhand. "Let me think . . . Tuesday? No, I'm afraid not Tuesday. Perhaps Wednesday?" Gently she pulled her wrist from his hand, wondering whether to ask him to dinner — chicken steamed in wine. No, it was too soon. She mustn't rush this. "Bring some of your paintings."

"I'll do that." His smile wrapped around her.

They turned to leave the room and Tommy was in the doorway. "I missed you, Kitty. Are you all right?"

"I was just a bit tired, Tommy." Had he heard?

She was conscious of Tommy's silence as they went to Barbie to say good-bye, and in the car she waited for him to say something, but he didn't speak. She wished he hadn't heard, she thought, her mind going back to Jason's words, the urgency in his voice: "Heavens, but you're beautiful . . . I've got to see you again . . ."

Those words were road signs to the future — and undoubtedly Tommy knew it, too. But he shouldn't feel hurt. She had never encouraged Tommy, she had always been honest with him, and she was going to have to be honest with him now.

She waited until he had unlocked her door and swung it open, then she put a hand on his arm. "Tommy dear, I don't think it's fair to you . . ."

"Don't!" he broke in, but not harshly, and she was amazed to see that he was smiling. "I know what you're going to say, but don't say it, Kitty. I know as well as you do that you can have Jason Strand if you want him.

"You could have had Freddy and Parley and Joe and the others, too. If you didn't want to get married then, just be sure that you want to get married now. Until you are sure, let's just leave things the way they are."

He turned, leaving Kitty staring after him.

Be sure . . .

But how could she be sure, she thought angrily. She scarcely knew Jason Strand.

Then why are you trying so hard, Kitty Cross? Is it because you really care for Jason Strand . . . or is it because you're thirty-three years old and you're scared?

The thought pounced upon her, catching her off-guard, and there was no escaping its impact. Her anger seeped away, leaving a residue of shame. Slowly she closed the door and switched on a lamp, looking around for reassurance in the lovely room.

But there was no reassurance. There was no evasion, either. She knew she wasn't in love with Jason Strand. Not yet. She clung to that comforting thought.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."***
—II Corinthians 4:18.

But it wasn't comforting enough. Because it was too uncertain. She might fall in love with Jason Strand . . . and again, she might not. And if not?

She went over to the fireplace and knelt to light the gas log, then sat down on the gold velvet couch, looking around at the richness she possessed — the comfort, the beauty, the order, the peace. This, and her painting, was all that she had ever wanted, and it was just possible that it could be all that she would want for the rest of her life.

Marriage was not for all women. There were writers, actresses, business women, teachers . . . Perhaps she was one of those who were happier alone, building a life so full that they did not miss love.

Love . . .

She sat gazing into the warm glow from the fireplace, wondering if she knew what love was. Perhaps she hadn't recognised it when it came and had let it pass by. Perhaps she never would recognise it. But of one thing she was sure; until that recognition, that certain knowledge came, bringing joy and complete surrender, she could not settle for less. Far better to "leave things the way they are," as Tommy said.

Tommy . . . Her mouth curved into a soft little smile. How wise he was! How well he understood her . . . and how little she had understood him! Dear Tommy, faithful Tommy . . . sweet Tommy . . .

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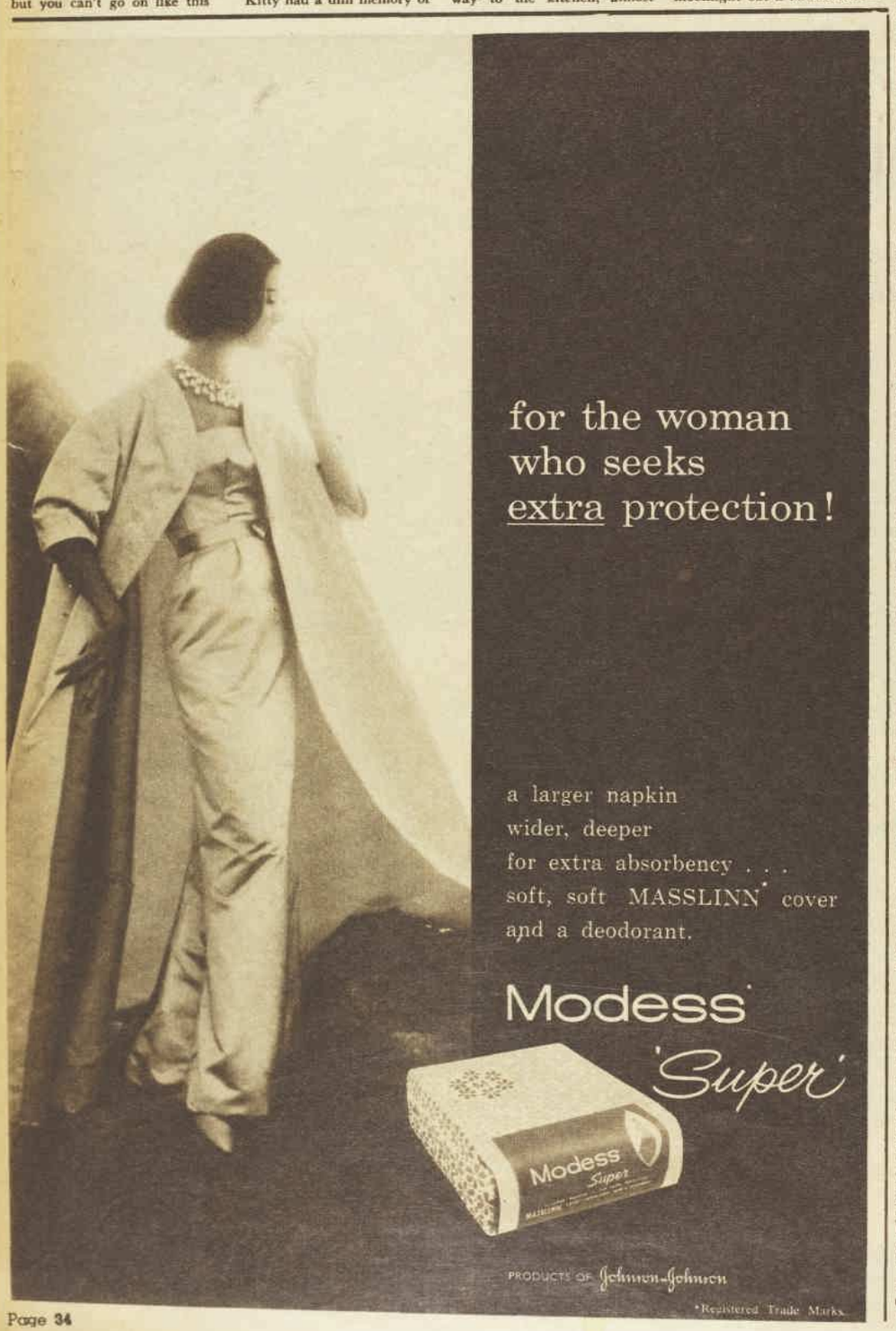

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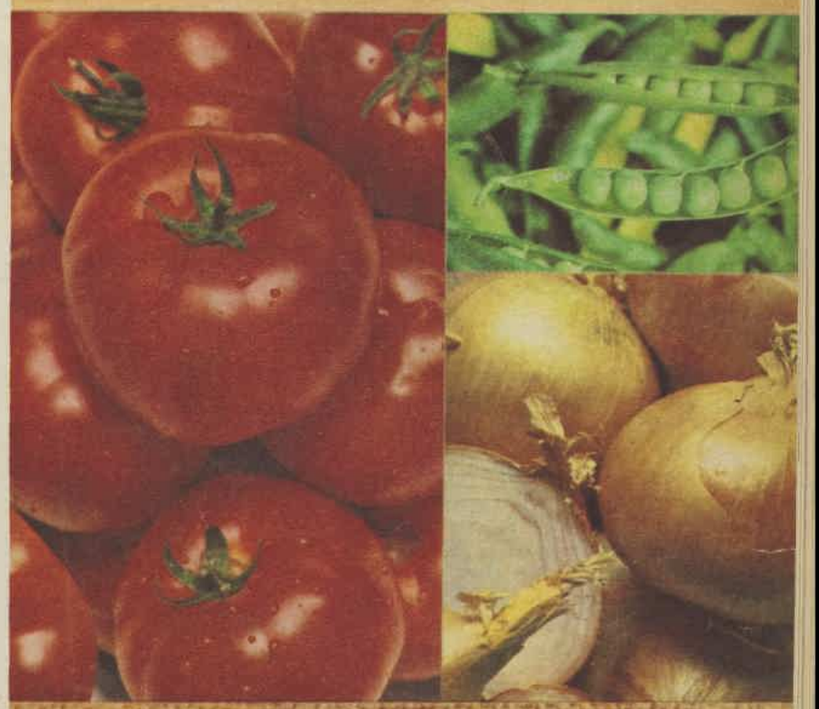
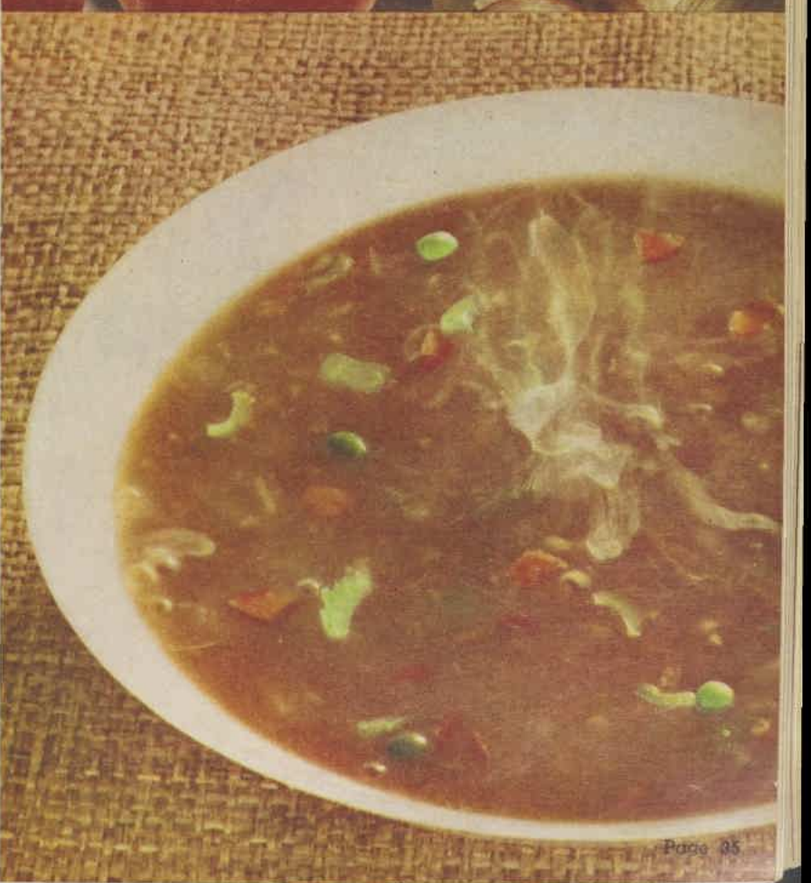
When you open it CANNED SOUP looks so rich, tastes so good you wonder why you'd bother with any other kind





You couldn't buy ingredients as choice as these. Canned soup Chefs insist all vegetables come dew-fresh from the farm. That selected chickens are specially bred. On oysters, still cold from the sea. That . . . but you get the idea? And they know there's only one way to deliver all that goodness to your table. In cans. With nothing taken away — no aroma lost, none of the precious juiciness gone. Because in a can all the goodness, all the rich moisture, all the flavour is sealed right in. Protected by the strength of steel — and nothing seals like steel.

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A THREE PAGE FEATURE

● Whatever kind of rose you grow it must, to produce the best blooms, be well nourished and correctly pruned. Cutting back old non-productive canes keeps the bush young, vigorous, well shaped. On these pages we set out the simple steps in pruning a hybrid tea, standard, and climbing rose. The pictures were taken in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. E. Best at North Ryde when the National Rose Society of New South Wales held an exhibition of pruning.

IT'S TIME TO PRUNE THE ROSES

HYBRID TEA

● The hybrid tea varieties are always popular. Choose the right site, give normal care and attention, and they will give in return great beauty for many years. It's wise to consult your nurseryman as to the best variety for the conditions in your garden. In this way you will avoid disappointment.

INSPECTING the shape before pruning. This variety, Garden Party, produces flowers in delicate shades of lemon, pink, and cream. The bush is only three years old, an example of good rose-growing.

FIRST STEP in pruning is to cut out the old wood in the centre of the bush. As this is a vigorous rose and has heavy growth, a rose-saw is used.

STANDARD ROSE

● As a specimen planting, nothing can match the standard rose. They can be used on driveways and footpaths or grouped in a massed effect, or they make a lovely single specimen in a lawn. The standard is more expensive than the hybrid tea or floribunda, but if correctly grown they add glamor to a garden.

VARIETY Christian Dior, about to be pruned by Mr. E. J. Annabel, vice-president of the National Rose Society of New South Wales.

NEW WOOD is plump and a shiny green or reddish, old wood is brown or grey-brown and rough-surfaced. Cut back a standard a bit harder than you would a tea rose.

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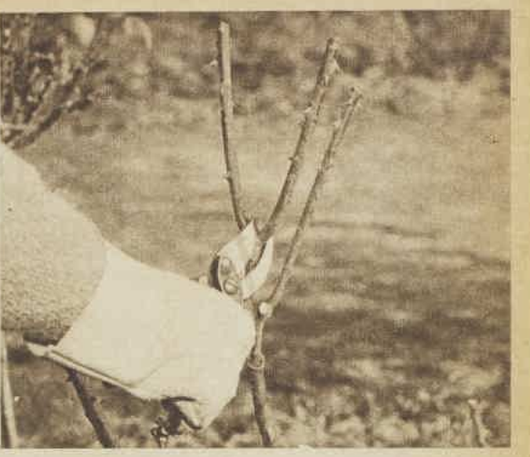
Watch the experts

● Here the N.S.W. president of the National Rose Society, Mr. Harry Murray, shows how to apply the secateurs to shorten a lateral, and the importance of thinning out shoots.

CUTTING BLADE is in a downward position so that any bruise left by the hook is on the piece removed. The cut is made a quarter of an inch above an eye. Unpruned cane could not support strong new growth.



DISPENSE with at least one of these laterals so that you will get better flower-heads on the remaining laterals. Cut close to the cane.

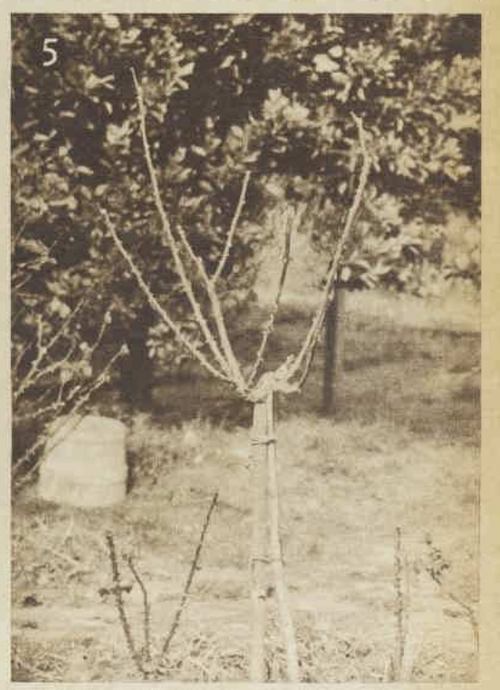
CENTRE OF BUSH now has all old wood cut out. The cuts were made as close to the root as possible; any cane left would die back, might harbor disease.

THINNING laterals on a watershoot—one of the sappy young canes that spring from near the root-graft or low down on one of the main canes.

THE BUSH now stands pruned of all the old and dead wood, ready to start the new season's growth. Gather up clippings and burn them after pruning.

SHORTEN BACK to an eye that points in the right direction for a good open shape. The eye forms where each leaf meets the stem.

DON'T GET "SECATEUR HAPPY." If the cut is made very close to an eye, the shoot-bud will probably die off. Choose a plump eye.



FINAL STAGE. In spring this should be a blaze of roses.

OVERLEAF: CLIMBERS

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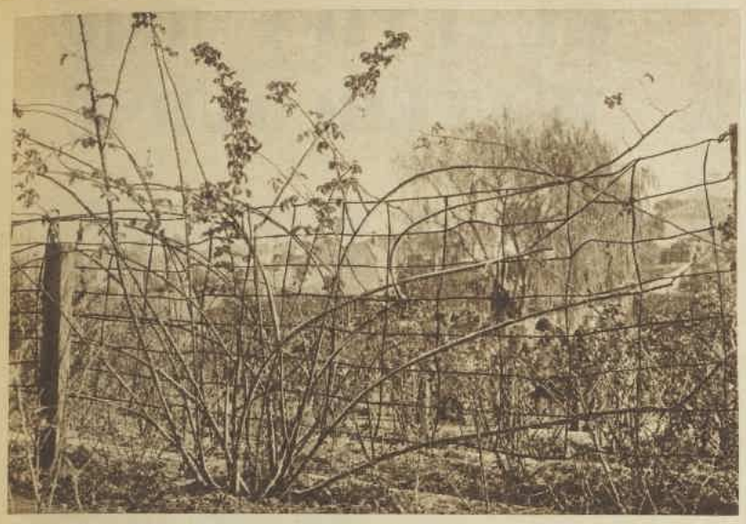


DEMONSTRATING the pruning of a climber in Mr. and Mrs. Best's garden, Mr. Annabel starts on a straggly four-year-old Peace.

CENTRE CANES are reduced in number. This principle of opening up the centre of the bush when pruning applies to roses generally.

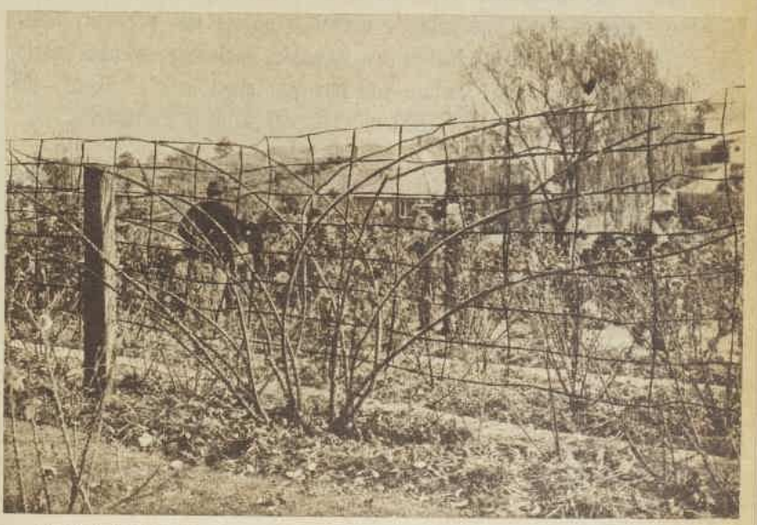
● There are two schools of thought about the time to prune climbing roses. Some experts prune them in November after flowering, others tackle both true climbers and sports in July (in colder climates in the first two weeks of August). There are few true climbers.

TRAIN THE CLIMBER

AT LEFT: Shortening canes, Mr. Annabel cuts to a plump eye "looking" in the direction he wants the growth to come.

AT RIGHT: Now pruned, the rose is ready for tying to the covered electric wire which Mr. Best uses to hold his vigorous climbers.

TYING the climbing Peace, Mr. Best gives a hand. Mr. Annabel is placing a cane to fill in the centre.



JOB IS DONE. The fence will disappear in spring when the rose is covered with its heavy leaf growth and beautiful blooms.

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BEAUTIFY THE WATERCOURSE

● **Home-owners sometimes have to conquer the problems of water-channels, ditches, natural springs, old water-courses, or intermittent tricklings of water through their property. What was once an eyesore or a watery nuisance may often be made the garden's most attractive asset.**

IN a judiciously controlled state, water undoubtedly adds cool delight to any landscaped garden.

Following the natural line of streamlet or watercourse usually leaves the pleasantest contours. The addition of rounded boulders for stream beds and waterfalls strengthens the layout and adds a touch of nature to the effect.

Where the flow is intermittent some concrete work will soon make the pools permanent.

● **A ditch through this garden was an eyesore till the owner transformed it into the most pleasant feature.**

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 39

● **An old watercourse in a hilly garden proved a problem until the owner cemented in the floor of each falling level to form natural-looking pools where the water remained permanently. When water was flowing during rainy periods, the flow tumbled down through a series of six pools, creating an unusual landscaped garden.**

The planting of bog flowers will help to keep the tiny trickle of water on its right course as well as adding variety and color to the garden.

Ferns, Iris kaempferi, astilbes, primulas, arum lilies, and a host of other water-loving plants will put on a wonderful display if you turn your wasting water toward their thirsty roots.

Agatheas, those plants with pale-blue daisy-like flowers, make wonderful banks and borders of color for months on end. When they are trimmed back after flowering they will soon start off afresh with more blooms.

The illustrations demonstrate some easy ways toward successful accomplishment. Artificial water supplies with hidden pipes and taps may create similar effects.

The banks of the little pools photographed at left were planted with gazanias, ice-plants, arctotis, and snow-on-the-mountain, and these proved colorful drapings which choked out the weeds.

—Rosaline Redwood.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 40

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Flowers for a rockery

● Rock gardens have wide possibilities, offering scope for unusual landscaping of difficult sites, and providing happy homes for choice plants which could not be accommodated in ordinary garden beds.

NEWLY BUILT rock-pocket garden forms a cement wall reinforced with wire-netting. This was formerly the site of a small landslide.

ONE of the merits of such a garden is that each rock pocket may be filled with the right nutriment for the plant chosen for the spot.

Make most pockets as deep as possible. Crevices may be left for dry-rooting sedums and sempervivums, and similar plants.

The really warm spots where the sun hits the rock will be right for saxifraga (encrusted and mossy forms), aubretia, alyssum, various thymes, saponaria, draba, dianthus, arabis, erodium, potentilla, and many others.

Suitable plants for the shady places include rock violet, cyclamen, gentian, iberis, mimulus, viola, primula, some varieties of saxifraga, veronica, anemone (alpine), and a host of others. Many bulb flowers flourish also in warm rock pockets.

Ericas and daphne specimens provide crowning features in deeper pockets.

— Rosaline Redwood

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

ROCKERIES along either side make this wide concrete driveway an impressive entrance. Portulacas, gazanias, and alyssum are ideal plants for a dry position. Many other suitable plants are available; some are shown on this page.

AT LEFT: Sedum shorbusser blut grows to three or four inches, with bright magenta-red flowers and bronze-green foliage. This dainty plant is easy to grow, but prefers a light soil and good drainage.

AT RIGHT: Sedum acre is a fast grower and will thrive anywhere in full sun or shade, damp or dry positions. There are other kinds of sedum, including selskianum, cauticolum, and spathulifolium purpurea.

BELLIS PERENNIS, or old-fashioned double daisies, thrive happily in a sunny crevice packed with rich loamy soil. They bloom from September to January.

AT RIGHT: Pomegranate (punica) is ideal for a large rock pocket in the warmest spot. This shrub tolerates heavy pruning to keep it neat and dwarf.

VIOLA ALPINA needs a cooler climate than most, and can usually only be obtained at nurseries specialising in unusual plants.

AT RIGHT: Hosta variegata has beautiful marbled leaves with spired flowers. Ideal for damp places at the base of rockeries or beside ponds.

ROCK VIOLETS are easy to grow in a moist pocket at the base of a large rock. Violets like cool, shady positions, are not fussy about the soil they're in.

DIANTHUS thrives best in an open sunny position, well watered. It is generous and long-flowering. Campanulas are in the background.

BABIANAS are ideal bulbs for rockeries, borders, or naturalising. In brilliant colors from cerise to deep purple, they prefer an open position and sunshine.

MOSSY SAXIFRAGA makes moss-like cushions or carpets, sending up dainty flower spikes in spring. It needs cool soil and semi-shade.

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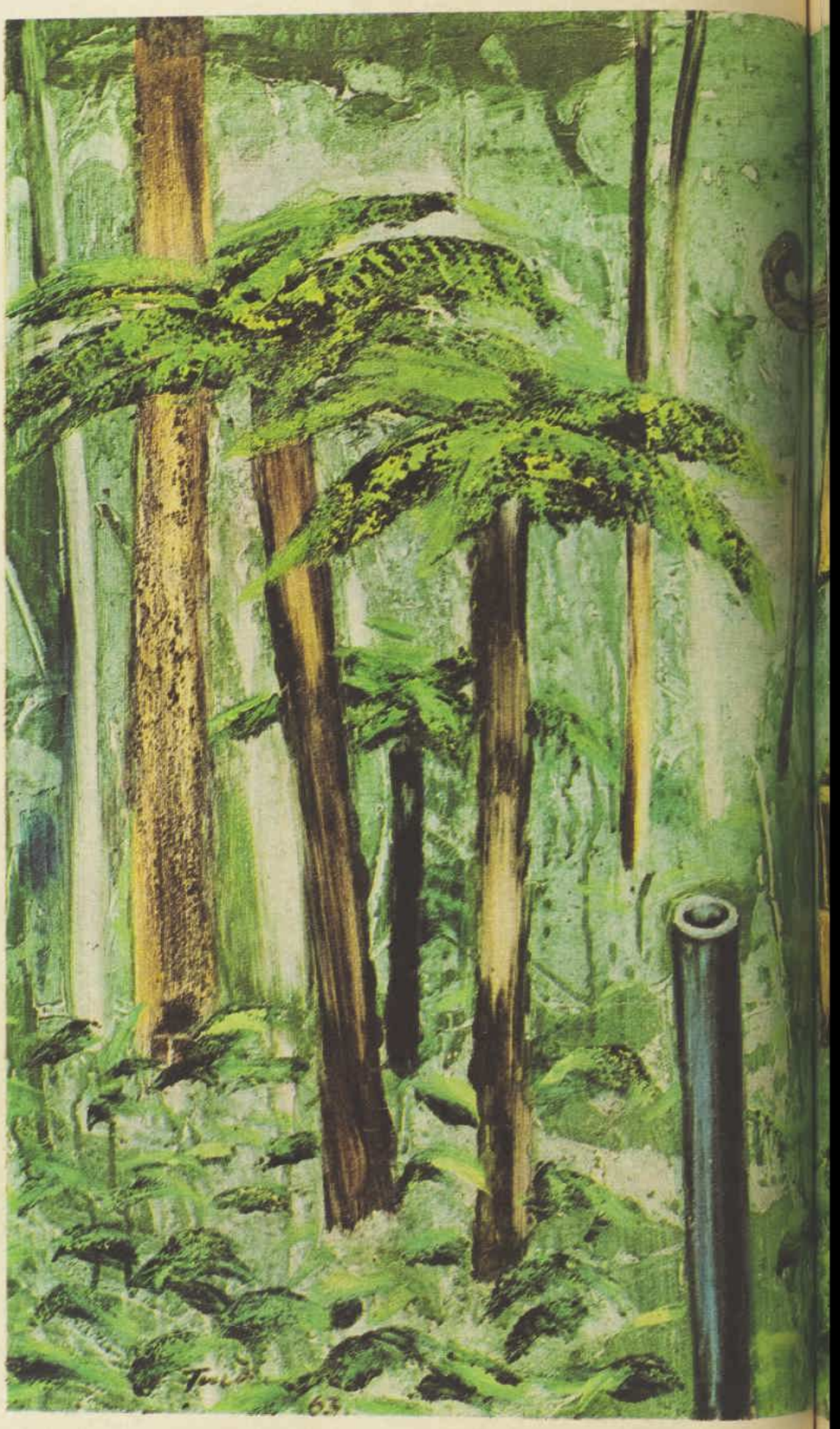
the Australian Scene



'Gippsland Explorer' PVA on hardboard
Albert Tucker

Born in 1914, Albert Tucker has travelled, studied and painted since 1947 in France, Germany, Italy, England and America. Nevertheless, a great deal of his work still has a marked and distinctive Australian 'accent'. Like Sidney Nolan, he has created his own symbol of Man in the Australian landscape. Tucker's figure has the craggy, lean 'Digger' look that is something of a national 'hero image'. He has used it here to suggest the rugged strength and endurance of the early Gippsland explorers, who left the sunburnt plains of the Monaro and struggled across the Great Dividing Range to discover the rich, green Gippsland Country. In a larger sense this craggy figure suggests too, the sun-scorched, wild brown country that forms the major part of the Australian continent.

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This fine painting,
'Gippsland Explorer'
by Albert Tucker,
is one of seven paintings
by Australian artists
commissioned by Viscount Cigarettes
—themselves very much a
part of the Australian scene.
We hope you enjoy them both.

Really magnificent 18" x 23" colour reproductions of this painting are available for only £1 each. This is less than half normal retail price. Just send your name and address, the title of the painting and a postal note or cheque for £1 to Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Limited, PO Box 4, Collingwood, Victoria.
Your print will be sent to you in an uncrushable mailing tube.

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HAZEL . . . by Ted Key

"Then what happened?"

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.

Continued from page 25

PLEASE CALL THE OFFICE

"I'm sorry, darling," she said, "but I won't be able to."

"Won't be able to what?"

"I won't be able to take any messages," said Maggie. "But you can stay in bed just the same, Gordon. After all, you do have an extension right next to your bed. I'm sorry, darling, but I won't be home today."

Gordon stood up. "You're going to leave me here alone? I don't understand, Maggie — you're home every day."

"Not today," she said, pouring the eggs into the pan. "There's a guild luncheon and I'm the secretary and I simply have to be there."

"Perhaps," said Gordon, putting his hands into the pockets of the old bathrobe. "I should have made an appointment with you before I decided to be sick."

Here we go, Maggie thought, resigned. Avoiding his eyes, she scraped the eggs on to a plate. She turned around and almost fell over the cat.

"Oh, darling," said Maggie, "did I hurt you?"

"For a moment," Gordon said slowly, "I thought you were talking to me."

"He was right under my feet," said Maggie. "I didn't see him. He must be hungry."

"Give him my eggs," said Gordon, stalking out of the room.

His exit would have been more effective if he hadn't almost walked out of his slippers, Maggie thought. I won't give in — this is absolutely ridiculous. With the first sneeze that man's entire personality undergoes a change.

"I am not his mother," Maggie told the cat, who was now weaving between her legs. "I'm his wife."

She put the scrambled eggs into the cat's bowl and crooned to him. He lay down on the kitchen floor and watched her.

"Go eat your food," Maggie commanded.

The cat stood up, arched his back and walked over to her, rubbing against her legs.

"Not a chance," Maggie told him. "If you're really hungry you'll eat by yourself." Of all the unmitigated nonsense, she thought, exasperated; how did I manage to spoil a cat like this? It's got so he won't eat unless I feed him by hand.

"I won't do it," she told herself, standing up. This dependency on me is a habit and habits can be broken. That cat thinks all food has to come from my fingers, just the way Timmy wouldn't let anyone else stir his chocolate milk when he was little.

She glared at the cat and went upstairs. Gordon was lying across his bed, a pillow tucked at an uncomfortable angle under his head.

"I'll make you comfortable before I leave," said Maggie. "And I won't be gone long. I'll be back before the children come home."

"Don't hurry," said Gordon. "I'll be all right."

NOW he's going to be a martyr, thought Maggie. He's a victim of a burning fever, alone and neglected, and he will lie there with that suffering, agonised look on his face until I return.

"I'll make your lunch," said Maggie. "I'll have everything ready in the refrigerator for you."

Salmon, she thought, going down the stairs; I'll make a salad, and when he gets hungry he can help himself.

Right in the middle of the kitchen floor lay the cat, his head on his paws, his eyes closed. The eggs remained untouched.

Maggie stepped over him and opened the can of salmon. The cat meowed and leaned against her legs.

"Here," said Maggie, giving him a piece of the fish.

He licked her fingers and watched her, his eyes luminous.

Oh, thought Maggie, astounded. Why—of course!

She walked over to the phone and dialled. "Elaine," she said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I won't be able to go to the luncheon today. Gordon has a cold . . . Oh, no, he has no fever, but you know how men are."

You know how men are, thought Maggie as she hung up, and Gordon knows how women are, and we both have learned a lot in ten years of marriage. There are times when I lean on him and of course there must be the times when he can lean on me.

She sat down on the floor and began to feed the cat.

My fingers, thought Maggie, looking at them as she fed the fish to the cat—what magic is there in the fingers of a woman that can make a cat eat, a little boy drink his milk, and a man take his medicine?

"Off you go," said Maggie, opening the door for the cat. "Gordon," she called as she ran up the stairs. "Gordon, darling, I am staying home."

"You don't have to on my account," he said.

"I couldn't possibly leave you alone."

Gordon smiled. "I feel a little better," he said. "I think a day of rest and I'll probably be able to go back to work tomorrow."

"Of course," Maggie agreed. She plumped up his pillow and then stood at the window for a moment. In the garden the cat was walking proudly, ready to defend his territory against all intruders.

He's restored, he's healed, thought Maggie, watching him as he moved — the self-sufficient, independent male once more.

(Copyright)

CORN PICKED WHEN PERFECT . . . WHEN EVERY KERNEL IS SWEET AND TENDER. This is no ordinary corn. It has been cultivated and nurtured from carefully selected seed grown in warm sunshine and fertile soil. With tender care and patience Edgell watch its growth and when every kernel is perfectly matured it is quickly harvested, cooked and canned in a few short hours. Whole Grain or Cream Style, Edgell corn has the same fresh colour, sunny goodness and flavour. It's just like corn on the cob without the cob.

Fresh from an Edgell country garden

Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.—A unit of Petersville Australia Ltd.

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Made in minutes and—

MIXED IN ONE BOWL

● These cakes and biscuits can be prepared ready to put into the oven in a matter of minutes — and they can be mixed in one bowl, thus lessening the work of clearing away and washing up.

ALTHOUGH quickly and easily made, these cakes and fancy biscuits look and taste so good that they can be presented with pride by the housewife to win acclaim from family and friends.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

CHOCOLATE CHERRY SQUARES

Three-quarters pound cooking chocolate, ¼lb. coconut, ¼lb. castor sugar, ¼lb. glace cherries, 1 egg.

Melt chocolate in bowl over hot water, then pour into very lightly greased shallow tin, spreading evenly; allow to cool. Mix coconut, sugar, and chopped cherries, bind together with beaten egg. Spread over chocolate, roughen with fork. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cut into squares when cold.

SUGAR-PLUM RING

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, scant ½ cup milk, about 1 dozen prunes (stoned and cut into halves), 3 tablespoons sugar, extra 2 tablespoons butter.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter. Beat egg with milk, add nearly all at once to flour, making soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board, knead, then roll out to large square approximately ¼in. thick. Cut dough into 1½in. squares, place halved prune in centre of each. Moisten corners, roll into balls. Dip each into extra melted butter, roll in sugar. Pack rolls in greased 6in. ring-tin, bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes; turn out. Serve hot or cold, cut into wedges, with butter.

SURPRISE MARSHMALLOW CAKES

Half pound sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, ½ cup milk, 10 marshmallows (cut in halves), 10 stoned dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts or almonds.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar. Mix to soft dough with milk. Grease 20 patty-pans, place teaspoonful of mixture into each. Top with marshmallow half, then half a date, sprinkle with nuts. Cover with another spoonful of mixture. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool and frost, if desired, or sprinkle with sifted icing sugar.

ALMOND CRISP SPECIALITY

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. melted butter or substitute, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup milk.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, beat again. Add melted butter, fold in sifted flour and baking-powder, then lastly the milk (mixture will be runny). Fill batter into greased and lined shallow tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. When cooked, cover with topping, return to oven about 10 minutes to brown and crisp.

Topping: Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. blanched almonds (chopped), 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon plain flour.

Boil all ingredients a few minutes, then spread over cake.

PEACH CROWNS

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, ½ cup fresh or canned peach pulp, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 egg-white, cream, sliced peaches, extra milk.

Sift flour, salt together, rub in butter. Peel and mash ripe peach or drain canned peach pulp. Add to flour mixture with lemon rind and sugar; mix well. Add beaten egg-yolk and milk, mix to scone consistency, adding little extra milk if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to 1in. thickness. Cut into 3in. rounds, brush with milk, place on greased oven-slides. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still hot, brush over the egg-white, dust with mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. When cold, split open, fill with whipped cream and sliced peaches.

MADE EASILY and quickly, the delicious cakes and biscuits above are Sugar-Plum Ring, Surprise Marshmallow Cakes, Almond Crisp Speciality, Chocolate Cherry Squares, Peach Crowns, Fruity Coconut Roughs. The recipes are given on this page.

HONEY CAKE

Eight ounces clear honey, 4oz. castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ pint water, 2 eggs (well beaten), 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Put honey, sugar, butter or substitute, and water in saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves and butter melts; cool slightly. Meanwhile sift dry ingredients into bowl, make well in centre, gradually pour in beaten eggs and liquid mixture. Stir without beating until ingredients are well blended. Turn into greased, paper-lined shallow tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Top of cake can be brushed with milk and dotted with nuts.

FRUITY COCONUT ROUGHS

One cup dates, 1 cup walnuts, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup preserved ginger, 1 cup coconut, ½ can sweetened condensed milk, extra coconut, cherries.

Chop fruits and nuts finely. Add coconut and condensed milk; mix well together. Mould a teaspoonful at a time into balls, roll in coconut. Press with fingers to form peak on each, top with piece of cherry. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

CRUNCHY TOP NUT SQUARES

One cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 egg, 1oz. melted butter, ½ cup milk, ½ cup sugar.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder together. Combine egg, butter, milk, and sugar; add dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Pour into 8in.-square tin, greased with paper on base. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove from tin, place on baking-tray.

Topping: Half cup brown sugar, ½ cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, 1oz. softened butter or substitute, 4oz. cream cheese, ½ cup chopped almonds, ¾ cup corn cereal (crushed).

Combine brown sugar, flour, cinnamon and mixed spice. Work in butter and cream cheese, add nuts and corn cereal. Spread over top of cake; place under hot griller 5 minutes or until crisp on top. Cut into squares; serve warm.

APRICOT BREAD

Five and a half ounces dried apricots, 1½ cups boiling water, 2 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Soak apricots (cut up finely) in boiling water; cool. Beat eggs and sugar in large bowl until creamy. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, soda, and salt alternately with apricot liquid. Add chopped apricots and walnuts. Spoon mixture into greased and lined loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

FAIRY GINGERBREAD RING

Five ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 5oz. golden syrup, 1 tablespoon water, 7oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs.

Place butter, brown sugar, and golden syrup with water in saucepan. Heat gently until melted. Sift flour, baking powder, and ground ginger into bowl. Make well in centre, pour in syrup mixture; beat until thoroughly blended. Add ground almonds, lemon rind, and eggs; beat well. Pour into greased ring-mould, bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour. Cool slightly, turn out. Serve sliced and buttered or spread over a little lemon-flavored icing.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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"I'm a tiger for Tiger"

Now this is a *great* sandwich! Tiger cheese and lettuce. So quick and easy to prepare. So good to eat. So zesty, so spicy, such lip-smacking flavour. Yet somehow, so delightfully mild. Try it! Soon!

Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

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TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

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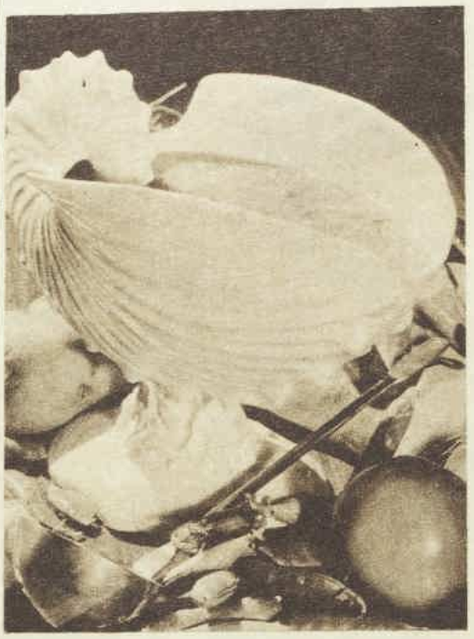
The Ceylon Trade Commissioner will issue you with a special Tourist Introduction Card enabling you to save on travel, accommodation, etc., while in Ceylon. A holiday in this tropical paradise with its 2,000-year-old cities, Kandyan dancers and coral gardens need cost little more than a holiday in Australia. Full details from your Travel Agent or THE CEYLON TRADE COMMISSIONER, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.

CY41970

Corn chowder wins award

● An American-style chowder made with canned corn, tomatoes, potatoes, and bacon rashers wins the £5 main prize for a reader's recipe this week.



SWEET CORN CHOWDER, served in a pretty shell-like tureen, makes a substantial winter dish. See main prizewinning recipe.

THIS chowder, shown at left, makes a tasty and substantial dish to begin a meal.

Five consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded—for a savory curry, an unusual apple dessert, a tea-cake flavored with passionfruit, to be served hot or cold, a simple eggplant dish, and an apple tart.

All spoon measurements are level.

SWEET CORN CHOWDER

Two rashers bacon, 8oz. can whole-kernel corn, 1 onion (sliced), 2 cups raw potato, 1½ cups tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, 1½ pints boiling stock or water, ½ pint hot milk, flour to thicken, ¾ cup cooked green peas.

Remove rind from bacon, chop and fry lightly in saucepan. Add thinly sliced onion, and fry (do not allow it to brown). Add diced potato, chopped tomatoes, and corn in layers, sprinkle each layer well with sugar, salt, and pepper. Add water or stock, cook gently until potatoes are tender. Remove from heat, gradually stir in milk. Stir in about 1 tablespoon flour which has been blended with a little milk or water. Return to heat, stir until thickened, but do not allow to boil. Add peas just before serving.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Stirling, 14 Church Street, Beenleigh, Qld.

PASSIONFRUIT TEA-CAKE

One dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg, pulp of 2 passionfruit, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add beaten egg, then passionfruit pulp. Sift flour and salt together, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Place in greased 7in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Pearce, 35 Bishop Street, Dubbo, N.S.W.

WINTERTIME CURRY

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 white onions (sliced), few green beans or 2 sticks celery (chopped), salt, black pepper, 2 cups diced cooked lamb or mutton, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup water, 1 8oz. packet frozen corn, extra small piece butter, fluffy boiled rice, chutney.

Heat butter or substitute in pan, add sliced onion, sliced beans or celery; cook until softened. Season with salt, pepper. Add meat and curry powder. Cut lemon into thin slices, one for each serve, and squeeze leftover ends over curry. Blend cornflour with water, add to curry, stir until thickened. Cook corn in small amount of salted boiling water 3 minutes, drain, toss with little butter. Mix into curry, reheat few minutes. Serve with boiled fluffy rice, top with lemon slices and chutney.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Benham, 101 Shakespeare Ave., Magill, S.A.

APPLE TORTE

Four cups diced unpeeled apples, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped dates.

Place apple, sugar, flour, baking-powder, walnuts, and dates in basin. Add beaten egg, butter or substitute, and lemon juice; mix well. Place in greased 8in.-square cake-tin, bake in hot oven 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Cut into squares, serve hot or cold with cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Schmidt, 11 White Ave., Tea Tree Gully, S.A.

EGGPLANT BAKE

One large eggplant, 2 large lamb chump or leg chops (or other suitable meat), 1 onion (chopped), 1oz. butter or substitute, salt, pepper, pinch cinnamon, 2 tablespoons tomato paste (or 1 large chopped tomato), 1 cup hot water, extra tomato paste and water, boiled rice.

Wash eggplant, cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out centre, leaving shell ½in. thick. Cut up scooped portion into small pieces. Cut up chops into small pieces. Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion, meat, salt, pepper, cinnamon, allow to brown. Add chopped eggplant, continue cooking about 5 minutes, stirring gently and turning often. Add tomato paste mixed with water, simmer 5 minutes longer. Spoon mixture into eggplant shells, place in baking-tin. Bake in slow oven about 20 minutes. To avoid drying, top with a piece of greased aluminium foil. If desired, extra tomato paste and water can be added to baking-dish before beginning to bake, so forming gravy for serving. Serve with hot boiled rice. Serves 2.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Mosley, Flat 16, Block 20, Northbourne Ave., Braddon, A.C.T.

APPLE COCONUT TART

Two tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, egg-yolk, little milk to mix.

Filling: One and a half cups stewed apple (well drained), 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. coconut, 2 tablespoons cake crumbs, 1 teaspoon lemon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flours and sugar into basin, rub in butter or substitute and mix to stiff dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Roll out on floured board, fill into 7in. flan- or tart-plate. Cover base with apple. Beat egg-white until stiff, add sugar gradually, fold in coconut and cake crumbs. Spread mixture over apple, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Hortig, 2 Norfolk Ave., New Norfolk, Tas.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

THIS week's low-calorie recipe is a light and lovely soufflé flavored with lemon.

LEMON SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup water, ½ cup lemon juice, 4 eggs (separated), 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ teaspoons liquid sweetener (or to taste), lemon sauce.

Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour and salt, add water and lemon juice; stir over medium heat until thickened. Blend in egg-yolks and lemon rind; mix well. Beat egg-whites with liquid sweetener until stiff, fold gently into egg mixture. Turn into souffle-dish, place in tin of hot water, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until golden brown. Serve immediately with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: One tablespoon arrowroot, ½ cup cold water, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon liquid sweetener, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg (slightly beaten).

Combine all ingredients in top of double saucepan. Blend well, stir over hot water until thickened and clear.

Serves 6; calories per serving (with sauce) 119.

NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

Progress prize for savory pie

● A luscious main dish pie with a seafood filling wins this week's progress prize in the National Baking Quest. The recipe is below.

THIS quest, to find the National Baking Queen, is being conducted by an Australian margarine company and a flour company.

Prizes totalling more than £11,000 will be awarded. An advertisement in this issue gives details of the contest and tells how to enter.

The closing date for entries is July 31.

This week's progress prize, a transistor radio, is won by Mrs. C. R. Handby, 15 Bladyn St., Launceston, Tas., for the following recipe:

TASMANIAN SEAFOOD PIE

Pastry: Six ounces margarine, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons anchovy paste blended with ¼ cup water.

Rub margarine into sifted dry ingredients, add anchovy paste and water to make fine short pastry. Divide pastry in half; roll out one half, line base of 9in. pie-plate. Spoon in prepared seafood filling, cover with remaining rolled pastry. Bake in hot oven 35 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes before serving.

Filling: One tablespoon margarine, 1 tablespoon plain flour, ¼ cup milk, pinch monosodium glutamate, pinch pepper, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1lb. Tasmanian scallops, 6½oz. can chunk-style tuna, ¼ teaspoon curry powder.

Melt margarine in saucepan over low heat, blend in flour, and cook, stirring, for 2 minutes. Add milk; bring mixture to boil, stirring; cook until smooth and thick; cool slightly. Blend in remaining ingredients, cool before filling into pie-shell.

Note: If desired, pie-plate can be lined with aluminium foil before fitting in the pastry. This lining makes it possible to remove the cooked pie whole from the pie-plate to serving-plate.

MIXED IN ONE BOWL . . . from previous page

RUM-RAISIN CAKE

Four ounces raisins, 1 tablespoon rum, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup treacle, ¼ cup golden syrup, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs (well beaten), 8oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Soak raisins overnight in rum. Next day combine in small saucepan the butter, treacle, golden syrup, and milk. Stir over low heat until all ingredients are melted and mixed. Cool, add beaten eggs. Sift together the flour, ginger, spice, soda, and salt. Add to liquid ingredients gradually, mixing well. Lastly fold in raisins and rum. Fill into shallow, well-greased tin, bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Top with lemon icing.

HONEY SPICE CAKES

Quarter pound butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 4oz. cream cheese, 3oz. honey, 2 eggs, extra 2 tablespoons sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Melt butter and sugar over heat, being careful not to brown. Pour into basin, sift in the flours, cornflour, cinnamon, and salt. Meanwhile cream honey and cheese together, add beaten eggs, fold into flour mixture. Spread into greased lamington tin, sprinkle top with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cool, cut into squares to serve.

NOUGAT SQUARES

Quarter pound butter or substitute, 1 cup honey, sugar, 2 cups rolled oats, cup shredded coconut.

Melt butter, add sugar, and cook 1 minute. Add rolled oats and coconut, mix well. Press into greased tin, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Mark into sections while hot, leave in tin until cold.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● *Wooden work-box is 18th century*

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about an old work-box, vases, and a pair of jugs.

I would appreciate your comments on a work-box which belonged to my grandmother. It appears to be made of golden-colored oak with a set-in design of dark and light woods. The inside has a tray for cotton-reels. — Mrs. W. Porter, Gerringong, N.S.W.

Your oak work-box (shown above), surmounted on ogee bracket feet, is 18th-century English and dates from about 1775 to 1785.

● *Turn-of-the-century vases*

My two vases are stone-colored and look like stone. They have a design which seems to be cut into the surface. On the base are the words Doulton, Lambeth, and England, and two Bs back-to-back. — Mrs. C. E. Hunter, Greenwich, N.S.W.

The vases (shown above) are about 60 or 70 years old. The incised animal decoration appears to be by Hannah Bolton Barlow.

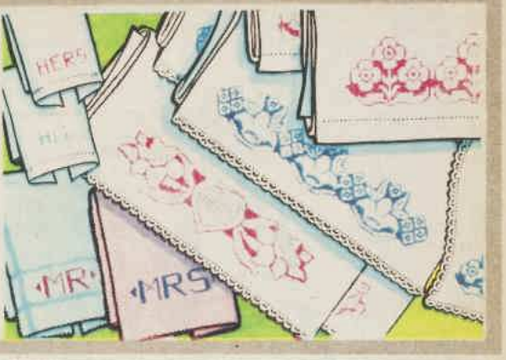
● *Copper lustre jug*

Could you please give me some information about my pair of china jugs? They have a band of bright gold above and below a raised central design of gaily colored flowers and fruit on a royal-blue ground. The lip has a man's face impressed on the underside. — Mrs. Sandra Bull, Charlestown, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

These jugs (one is shown above) are copper lustreware, made in Staffordshire, England, about 1845.

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER

PRETTY cross-stitch patterns can be cut into sections or used in continuous bands. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 209. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9.



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

131

No. 131.—VELVETEEN FROCK

This smart late-afternoon frock or cocktail sheath is available cut out to make in red, black, and ming-blue silicone velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/11/-. Postage and dispatch, 4/- extra.

133

No. 132.—GUEST TOWELS

This pretty set of guest towels is cut out to embroider on cream, blue, and white fine handkerchief linen. Lace is supplied. Price is 3/11 each plus 8d. postage, or set of three 11/6 plus 1/6 postage.

No. 133.—MATERNITY APRON

This easy-to-wear maternity apron is available cut out to make in blue, lilac, caramel, gold, olive, and ming-blue drip-dry poplin and the pocket is traced to embroider. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/6. Postage and dispatch, 2/6 extra.

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● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Continued from page 26

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

to see if everything's all right. It only takes twenty minutes in the jeep. Lise wouldn't dream of staying down at the house in the summer. She thinks the air down there is atrocious, and there's too little to do. She loves it up here, and so do I. The best time of my life was spent with her." She picked up the kitten and began to scratch it behind the ears.

"When you were a little girl you said you didn't like the mountains. You wanted to come to the States."

"They wouldn't have issued a visa," she answered impulsively. She hadn't meant to refer to anything she had suffered as a consequence of her father's indictment. But Robert seemed unaware of the implications of what she had just said. I'm asking too much, she thought. I'm asking him not only to see but to feel the beauty around us; and I'm asking him to be interested in me. How can I, when his whole mind must be occupied with the fate of his brother? His kiss meant nothing.

She began to play with the kitten again, stretching out full length on her back and raising the tiny animal high up in the air between her hands. But Robert had grasped how many plans and dreams she had had to forgo because of her father's situation, and suddenly he was absorbed by her. In the tall grass she looked like a child, a graceful child who had run away from the cruelties of life to find peace and protection in the beauties of nature. Protection, he thought. It had been the first emotion he had felt for her, then and now, almost like a need. And it had been this feeling that had set in motion the new relationship between the child he had disappointed and the young woman she had become.

Watching her, he knew suddenly that she had never let herself be kissed before, because in her response there had been the passion of someone starved, of someone who had suppressed and controlled all the wildness of desire. Yet she had faced him next morning with no apparent memory of their embrace, and had asked him today to spend the afternoon with her without referring in any way to that intimate moment. She had understood what many older and more experienced women might not have grasped nor ignored with such grace — that when he was worried, a man would take a girl in his arms, any girl who happened to be there.

Old Lise was coming toward them to spread a homespun piece of linen on the ground, and Robert wished he could tell her to go away and attend to her chores, but Christine sprang up to help fetch three earthenware bowls, a loaf of black bread, and the sugar that was shaken finger-thick over the sour milk. "We're going to need a fourth," Lise said suddenly, shading her eyes with her hands. "There's your father." And Robert could see Tanner appear from the heights to which Christine had planned to take him. He was carrying a gun, and the black dog was running ahead of him.

GETTING Robert's smell, the dog stopped, then shot forward, growling furiously. Tanner cried sharply, "Caesar!" and Christine jumped into the path of the alsatian, taking him quickly by the collar. "What's the matter with you, Caesar? What's wrong?" And turning to Robert, "He's usually friendly."

Robert knew then that Tanner had not told his daughter that he had set the dog on him, and he smiled. "Maybe he's just allergic to me." He saw Tanner's grateful nod and held out his hand for Caesar to smell, as if he had never encountered the dog before. Old Lise got up and curtsied and sat down again only after Tanner had taken his place, but then, by eating and talking with them freely, she demonstrated within a few minutes the change that had taken place, the results of democracy, since the day in 1914 when the Emperor, with one stroke of the pen, had robbed himself of his Empire. To Robert, watching Tanner now, the man became a symbol of Austrian history.

"Don't tell me you climbed up again all that way?" Christine said. She sounded worried; she was scanning her father's face for telltale signs of exhaustion.

"I walked up this morning when it was still cool, and I took it easy." He pointed to a small knapsack he had put down beside him.

"But why? What were you doing up there?"

"Nothing," said Tanner. "Just sitting and thinking."

"About what?"

Tanner looked at Robert, hesitated, then, unexpectedly provocative, said: "What if Mr. Brisson doesn't keep his word?"

"But Papa . . ."

"It could have been a trick."

"But why?" Christine pushed her bowl away, her eyes narrowing with dread. Please, she thought, not another relapse. What happened? What makes him feel animosity again? Everything seemed to be going all right.

TANNER'S eyes, too, had darkened, and the color had drained from his face. He turned to his daughter. "He hadn't a chance that day," he said slowly. "If you must know — the dog was holding him down; I had my gun in my hand; he might have promised anything to save his life."

A great pity welled up in Robert. Instead of anger or impatience, he could feel only compassion for a man who had been desperate so long that he could no longer believe in good fortune. But he was also aware of Christine's ambiguous reaction, her rapidly awakening sense of doubt, the same doubt her father had just expressed. He looked from one to the other and then at Lise, as if he expected the old woman to come to his help with a peasant's instinct for truth.

"There was no need for me to say anything I didn't mean." He spoke deliberately, intoning each word slowly. "For you wouldn't have killed me, anyhow. You're not the man to commit murder. You might want to, you might talk about it, you may even have intended to do it." He shook his head. "No, Tanner, I don't believe it."

He felt more than saw Christine lean back, the tension leaving her face and gratitude filling her eyes as her lips parted to confirm his words, to him, to her father, to herself. But Tanner shook his head. "I wish it was true. But it isn't, Brisson, it isn't. I almost killed you the first time I saw you. If I had had a gun, I'd have shot you then." And, as if ashamed, he covered his face with both hands.

Robert frowned, perplexed. "The first time you saw me? I don't understand. What first time? I came to see you on Sunday. Sunday afternoon, two days ago."

Tanner shook his head. "I saw you before that, on Thursday. Thursday night."

"What are you talking about? On Thursday I was still in New York."

"I saw you on Thursday." Tanner's voice was the voice of an old man, a little querulous because obviously no one believed him, and he hated to have his capacity to remember put in doubt. "I had been watching some deer. There was an old buck . . ."

"But that's impossible!"

"Let it go," Christine whispered, putting her finger to her lips. "He's got things mixed up." Then the expression in her eyes changed as they grew wide with sudden recapitulation. Thursday night, the night her father had awakened with the

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SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS AWARD

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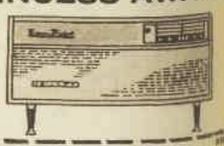

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1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour to: 4th Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest, Box 300, P.O., Wahroonga, N.S.W.
2. Detach entry form, fill it in and attach it to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach your entry to a Marville Margarine wrapper and the "pre-sifted" seal from the front of a Mother's Choice Flour pack (except where this contravenes State laws).

Weekly and Princess prizes (see prize list) will be awarded on recipe alone. 6 State Finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in State Capitals. Winners of State Bake-Offs will compete in the National Bake-Off at Melbourne, and the winner of this will be crowned "National Baking Queen." Competitors in State Bake-Offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State Capital. National Finalists will be flown to Melbourne via Ansett-ANA with accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel. Weekly winners announced in "Australian Women's Weekly" from issue dated July 8.

Pin attachments here

ENTRY FORM (detach along dotted line)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY: Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Employees of Marville Margarine, Mother's Choice or their associated companies (and their families), home economists, bakers and chefs may not enter. All recipes become the property of Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 4th (1964) Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest as advertised.

Name . . . . . (BLOCK LETTERS)

Address . . . . . State . . . .

Signed . . . . . .

Schoolgirl Princess Award. Tick here if school student under 18 ☐

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES, JULY 31, 1964—SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW

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IN DEFENCE OF DAUGHTERS

● ***Puzzled by the apparent preference many Australian parents have for boys, P. A. Tymann, an Englishman who is the proud father of four daughters, has written this praise of the Fair Sex.***

Family Affairs

'M an Englishman, and I came to this country a few months ago specially for the birth of my st grandchild — a cherubic little granddaughter. I had been hoping fervently for this granddaughter ther than a grandson), as my wife and I had four girls. From what I have seen since I arrived here, this may nd a little odd to many Australian men—but let me you my reasons.

When our first daughter was born, I was delighted and ermined that we would always be good friends—or tes, as you say in Australia.

My pet pastimes were fishing and cricket, and since my e shared these interests just as avidly I saw no reason y my girls wouldn't also enjoy them.

"But I distinctly remember telling you I wanted nuts IN it!"

And they did. Each year we would all go away, complete with various sizes in waders and fishing rods, and have a hilariously good time.

These trips were later shared, as the years went on, by the boy-friends, and, finally, by my three cricketing sons-in-law.

Since both my wife and I were university graduates, there was none of this business of not educating our girls "because they might get married . . . !"

All four graduated (two pharmacists, one biochemist, and a science teacher) and three of them are now married.

The two without families have continued in their chosen careers, and the one who has just had my beautiful grandchild intends to return to her career in a few years' time, so I couldn't say that their education has been wasted!

No welcome for a girl

My reason for writing this defence of daughters stemmed from a conversation loudly carried on around the bed of my daughter's hospital roommate.

Several friends of this girl's husband were visiting—and laughingly scorning the birth of the fifth little girl to the parents. (I think that they may have all belonged to a sports club.)

The mother kept a still tongue and a polite face, but, after they left, my daughter told me that the mother cried bitterly. Evidently, after the second girl, this sort of thing has gone on incessantly.

In these expensive times, any mother of five children is to be complimented—not derided.

And if her children are all of the one sex, what possible difference should it make?

Talking the matter over with my daughter, I learned that this was quite a problem here in Australia.

The emphasis is always on the male—whether at birth, school, sport, and particularly applied to education and the jobs available.

I began to take more interest in this baffling subject, and I'm quite appalled at my findings.

Parties are almost invariably segregated by respective sex. Men have so many clubs where women are only visitors and barely tolerated, and even your hotels go in for segregated drinking.

Also, I've spoken to several women friends of my daughter, who tell me that if you "want to make a go of a profession—go overseas!" (The latter was from a Law graduate.)

So I examined the two sexes at the adult level. And from what I've seen many of the Australian women are far more cultured and better informed (when you get them away from their husbands' influence) and much more interesting as companions than their menfolk.

The men with their endless sporting topics, drinking of beer, decidedly limited and rather narrow views of anything outside their own little lives are—to my view—very boring.

Nevertheless, I will return to England with a very pleasant memory of how my little granddaughter will grow—with respect for the adaptability of you ladies, with admiration for your excellent grooming (which is even more immaculate compared to that of your men), and with an even greater respect for your intelligence, which is so often wider and far more tolerant than that of the Masculine Male!

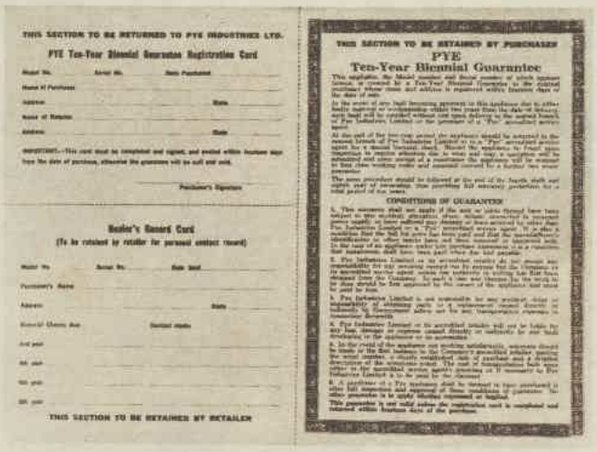
I'm rather glad, in fact, that my grandchild has no chance of growing into one of these men (and I hope that she doesn't marry one).

Quite frankly, I would like to see you ladies with sons exerting a lot more of your own influence over your boys.

And in the future when such qualities as tolerance, understanding of others (which includes ordinary love and human kindness), plus determination, will be so badly needed, they will be there in abundance.

In the meantime, be proud of your girls. Love them, educate them, and teach them to take a greater part in the running of this country's affairs.

And, if you can, get your husband to read this.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Continued from page 48

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

terrible groans of his nightmare, the night he had threatened to kill a man he had seen . . . "When did you arrive, Robert?"

"Why, you know when I arrived —on Saturday. I met you that evening. I left New York Friday night and got to Salzburg on Saturday at 2 p.m."

"Your brother," said Christine. "Robert, does your brother resemble you?"

"Yes. Quite a bit if you don't look too closely. We're the same height; we have the same coloring. Why?"

Her father's nightmare . . . it had been brought on because . . . Christine shivered. "Then my father must have seen your brother."

For just a moment Robert's mind spun wildly, came to a stop, and began to spin again. He rose, and the black dog growled, and somehow his growling made everything come clear. Of course . . . the man Tanner had seen on Thursday evening and mistaken for him could only have been Reid. And he shuddered to think that Tanner might have killed Reid because he had mistaken his brother for him.

"That's why," Lise said suddenly, shaking her head, "that's why I wondered . . ." She paused, fell silent.

"Wondered what?" asked Christine.

"Why he behaved as if we hadn't met before when you introduced your young man. Now I see it wasn't he who stopped and talked to me, but his brother."

"What are you saying?" Robert wasn't aware that he was shouting, nor that he was shaking old Lise. "When did you see my brother? When did you talk to him?"

"Same evening," said Lise, unperturbed. "Must have been the same evening the Herr Graf saw him; Thursday. I came out of the kitchen and there he was, a strange young man, looking very much like you." She pointed to the bench where she had sat a few moments ago, reading her letter from America.

"He asked if I minded if he sat there for a while. I offered him some milk, but he didn't want anything. All he wanted was to sit there and think. So I went back in. An hour later he was still there, quiet as the evening, staring up at the mountains. I always feel sorry for a person who won't talk, when you can see his mind is troubled, so I talked to him a bit. He told me he loved the mountains and knew them well, and that he had been exercising for two days to get used to the heights again. And when I said I couldn't understand all those people who risked breaking their necks in the mountains instead of just looking at them, he laughed and said he was going to climb in the Hochkonig massif next day."

"Friday! Did he say he was going to climb in the Hochkonig massif on Friday?"

"I just told you," said Lise. "He said next day. After Thursday comes Friday."

"Now you'll believe me," said Tanner. "Thursday evening I saw him up there, at the first spur of the Hochkonig, coming from the direction of the spot Christine is fond of . . ."

But neither Christine nor Robert was paying any attention to Tanner. They were running, running as fast as they could down the slope to the farm. By the time they reached the house the whole valley was in shadow with only the snowcapped mountains retaining an illusory light.

"They can search with torches," Christine said, as Robert made to the phone to call Strubb. "Maybe if we don't find him tonight we can try tomorrow. I'll make some coffee. They can't get here at least half an hour."

They searched all night and they searched all day Thursday—to no avail. But for Robert hope had been raised too unexpectedly to give up after thirty-six hours, only because the results had been negative. The idea that Reid had planned to climb in the Hochkonig massif had been possession of him, but no one had seen or heard of Reid Brinson in the neighborhood, not at Saalfelden or Bischofshofen or Mühlbach, points from which the Hochkonig could also be reached. In his last hope, that Robert might have attempted to climb the so-called Wetterwand, with its famous South Pillar, was shattered on Friday when the report came that no trace of Reid had been found there either.

"You look exhausted," Christine said when he drove into the parking lot of the Nepomuk late that afternoon. In spite of Strubb's reluctance to let him search by himself, Robert had gone up with the helicopter pilot of the rescue squad, drawing to as many huts as were accessible to study their guest books, talking to the men who ran the inns, hut shelters, and to as many guides as he could get hold of. All to no avail.

NOW he looked at Christine, then at the clock on the dashboard. All this time she could have been on the bus with whom she normally commuted. "Have you been waiting for me?"

"Of course." She slipped into the seat next to him. "Come and have dinner with us."

He shook his head, then, glancing up at the hotel, knew that he couldn't stand the loneliness of his room and started the motor. "Then I'll drive you home."

He must have something to do, she thought, even if it's only driving, and she let him have his way. For a while they drove silently, then he said abruptly, in a voice tense with strain and despair, "Strubb thinks . . . that I'll have to give up hope of finding him alive."

Christine didn't answer. What was there to say?

"He thinks, if he hasn't been murdered, that he might have fallen into one of those karst holes you can't spot until it's too late. Strubb almost lost his life one winter in the Tennengebirge, skiing, when for no reason at all some sixth sense made him probe the snow with his stick. It tore like rotten silk, down to the point where he was standing, revealing one of those steep crevasses from which he couldn't possibly have got out himself. If anything like that's happened to Reid, the chance that even a shepherd looking for a stray sheep might find him is nil. His shouts wouldn't be heard from below."

Since that wild, desperate kiss they hadn't touched each other, but now, spontaneously, she put her hand over his, a slim, tanned hand, its back a little freckled. "And you are going to—"

"Am I what?"

"Going to give up?"

"I suppose so."

"And when will you leave?"

"Tomorrow, I guess. Some time tomorrow. Strubb will go on with the search, but he's right—it would be senseless for me to stay any longer. I have work waiting for me."

To page 54

When only the finest coffee will do!

Good coffee is the finishing touch to successful entertaining. That's why the thoughtful hostess always serves Bushells Vacuum Packed Coffee. Bushells Coffee is a blend of rich, robust, high-grown coffees—fresh-roasted, fresh-ground—and packed in vacuum sealed jars. Reach for Bushells next time you shop—and serve it on those special occasions . . . when only the finest coffee will do.

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● Good news for those poor people who lie awake at night wondering what the youth of the world is coming to!

THE latest Current Affairs Bulletin, issued by the Department of Tutorial Classes in the Jniversity of Sydney, has published facts and figures nd strong arguments in favor of the view that oday's teenagers are not as bad as you think, and that uvenile crime was a far more serious problem in the 19th nd in the early part of the 20th century than it is today.

Do I hear sighs and groans? You're right — I'm back n the old hobbyhorse!

I get bored, bored, bored by people of my own genera-on, and the one before it, continually harping on the orrendous crimes of the present teenager.

Teenagers can be terrible, I know—I was one for seven hole years. I didn't particularly enjoy it, either. It's rather ke living perpetually in a concrete-mixer, a confusing ate of affairs that makes it hard for you to know which de is up.

My views on teenagers are very simple ones.

They're people. Like people of other ages, some of them re nice, some of them are fairly nice, some are nastyish, nd some (to use Mike's phrase) are wet smurges.

At worst they're a necessary evil, since nobody has iscovered a shortcut from childhood to the adult; and at est they're wholly delightful.

I still think that they're nicer to us than we were to the arents of our friends when we were teenagers.

Today's teenagers have their doubts about us, their bservations, their impatience with, and contempt for, our iews (and quite rightly, too), but they're often quite ouchingly eager to have us join in what's going on.

Didn't WE tend to regard the presence of parents as dead hand on whatever was happening and wait as olitely as possible for them to remove themselves?

This Current Affairs Bulletin says that there are no dequate grounds for thinking there has been a significant rise in juvenile crime rates and that the problem has at no time been as great in Australia as it has in America and England.

Between 1959 and 1962 figures in New South Wales for court-established cases fell from 10.4 to 8.9 per 1000, while in England they *rose* from 18.5 to 22.52.

Three other conclusions reached by this authoritative survey will interest all parents, too. They are:

Investigation has shown that there is no reason to think that television, movies, comics, or radio contribute to juvenile delinquency.

There is very little to support the idea that delinquency is related to mothers going out to work. There is no firm basis for believing that youth clubs are either a remedy or a menace.

To say they've changed is really too absurd . . . !

IF juvenile delinquency is not actually increasing, why do we hear and read and talk so much about it? The Bulletin suggests two answers to that one.

First, adults show anxiety, resentment, and mistrust toward youth, and this "provokes a reciprocal reaction of hostility and defiance, thus initiating a pernicious circle of reaction."

In other words, adults will act like adults and youths like youths, as they've been doing since the dawn of history.

The second reason is that our attention is focused on the sins of teenagers because in these affluent days they have a much greater share of the national income in their purses and their pockets than ever before.

Australia has 1,330,000 teenagers—900,000 of them over the age of 15—and they have an estimated £400,000,000 to spend each year.

This means that they're a market worth courting, and markets that are worth courting get a lot of publicity.

It seems likely that this "disproportionate publicity" might well make the police regard any disruptive behaviour by young people more intolerantly and view offences more seriously.

And surely this "disproportionate publicity" has the same effect on people of our generation. Breathes there a parent with soul so dead who never to his child hath said "*You* don't realise how fortunate you are, *we* didn't have, etc., etc., etc.?"

Sure, they're better off financially than we ever were —but that's neither due to their fault nor their virtue; it's simply due to the economic set-up at the moment.

It's nice for the good ones—good luck to them. And it's bad for the bad ones, because money for cars and drink and travel gives them bigger and better ways of making themselves obnoxious.

So unless somebody can disprove what this Bulletin says (and I would want facts and figures, not middle-aged prejudice and sour grapes) I'm quite happy to go on believing that "much of what is officially defined as delinquent by law represents no more than the perennial nonconformity of youth" and "a certain amount of misconduct and some behaviour problems are to be expected in all children as part of the process of growing up."

I sometimes wonder what the result would be of banning all reference to teenagers' matters in the Press for six months.

No talk about teenagers or juvenile delinquency or "young adults" or Beatles or surfies or rockers or TV idols. I would like to bet a Rembrandt original to one used brown paper bag that:

● **There would be no change in teenage behaviour, which has, by and large, been much the same for 10,000 years—except that they would probably rather resent the lack of attention they now enjoy.**

● *Older generations, forced to draw conclusions from what they know about teenagers instead of what they read, would suddenly decide that the young weren't very different from what they themselves had been at a similar age.*

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"And where will you go?" she asked.

"I don't know. It depends on my paper and where they want to send me. I have no suggestions to make right now. I couldn't care less. But I'll come back," he went on, trying to force a smile, "whenever your father needs me. You know that, don't you, Chris?"

But Christine hadn't been thinking about his promise. She was thinking that whenever he thought of her, he would think of her in connection with his brother's death, and in the end he would perhaps decide to put her out of his mind altogether because the memory of her would always be connected with pain.

"Don't you trust me?" he asked, when she remained silent. "Not even now?"

"Yes, yes," she said. "I do. Of course I do."

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 52

They had left the village behind them and were rounding the last curve to the farm. "And you won't change your mind and come in? Not even to say goodbye to Papa?"

"You do it for me. He'll understand." He stopped the car. For a moment Christine hesitated, then, when he came around to open the door for her, she got out.

"Are you going back to the Nepomuk?"

"Eventually. I might stop to see Strubb for a moment. Heaven knows, the man's done everything possible."

She hesitated, then lifted herself on tip-toe and kissed him quickly and lightly. "Goodbye then, Robert. And thank you. Thank you for everything. And take care of yourself. Adieu."

She was gone before he could answer, running up the path, and as he watched her disappear into the old house, it took all his self-control not to rush after her and hold her close. But this was how he had planned it, planned it already that afternoon two days ago when he had watched her playing with the kitten. If Reid wasn't found, he would say goodbye as casually as possible and go away, hoping that when he had to return he would be sure that it wasn't only loneliness, the primitive need for warmth and tenderness, that drew him to her.

In Zell he stopped at the gendarmerie and was told that the inspector was not there, he had gone to the cemetery as he usually did every evening. His wife, Robert remembered Christine having told him, had been shot by the Germans when she had refused to give away where her husband was hiding. Another lonely man, he thought. No, it wouldn't do just to leave a note or pick up the telephone later. To Strubb he couldn't just say, "Thanks for your efforts," and be on his way.

But he couldn't find Strubb at the cemetery. Nobody seemed to be there at this hour, yet Robert lingered. The quietude and sadness matched his mood, and he sat down on one of the benches. Friday. Tomorrow it would be a week since he had arrived in Zell only to learn that Reid had vanished. He'd sell the house, he thought. Why do I need a house for? I can live in a hotel. Anyhow, I won't be in New York much.

He started when a hand touched his arm. He hadn't heard anyone approach. "I see you got here all right, young man."

A high, plaintive voice. Where had he heard it before? The old woman from Idlewild airport who had let him have her seat on the plane to Munich-Salzburg. He had forgotten all about her.

"Don't look so surprised," she said, sitting down next to him. "I told you I was going to Zell, didn't I? Well, here I am. Didn't get in until today. Takes a long time to cross the ocean by boat."

"Why, yes." Robert remembered with what satisfaction she had waved her steamship ticket in his face a week ago.

"But what a place to meet you," she prattled on, peering at him. "A graveyard. Got someone here?"

Robert sighed, almost said yes, then shook his head.

"That's good," she said. "As for me . . . I'm telling you, young man, I feel like a fool. To think that for seventeen years I've been longing to come home, and what do I find when I get here? Everybody dead. Not a friend left in the world except Lise, not a soul who remembers me. What a miserable thing it is to be old, when almost everybody you grew up with tucked away in a box. No old man's there."

SHE pointed to a grave. "That's why I came here first. To bring him some flowers. I'll have to grant him that — he took care of the grave just as he promised. Hannes, I mean, though in all other things . . ." And suddenly she began to cry.

Robert didn't know what to do except he was sorry. Finally she stopped crying, and he asked her if there was anything he could do for her. "What?" she said, with a peasant's realism. "Can you make any of them come back?" and she pointed to a row of graves. "What's the use of being alive all alone? I don't want to go back to South America. Oh, at first I was glad when he took me away, my grandson, I mean . . . Hannes. Who would have wanted to stay here? The mess things were in . . . and then, of course, I wanted to see my daughter again. It had been such a long time. But I'm not cut out for luxury. I need work to keep alive. And the language they speak over there. I never did catch on to it."

She lifted her head and stared up into the evening sky. "It's going to rain. I can feel it in my bones. No, there's nothing you can do for me, young man. You'd better go before it starts pouring," but she stubbornly refused his offer to take her somewhere. "Just let me sit and think a while," she told him. "I'll find a place to go. I might even go up to Lise's. But don't breathe a word to a soul that I'm back."

"I don't know anyone here," he said.

"Well," she sighed, "that makes two of us. Run along, run along," and she waved her hand as if a child were bothering her.

So in the end he left her and drove back to the Nepomuk, moved by the thought of an old woman sitting on a bench in the darkening cemetery, lost between two worlds, but forgot all about her when he saw Aleman, standing in the courtyard, smoking a cigar. He had never made his excuses to the pool for not having joined him at the champagne he had ordered.

"I'm sorry," he said, walking up to him. "I've been meaning to apologise for days for not coming back to join you, but something prevented me. Also I want to tell you that I talked the Tanners into selling the farm to me because . . ."

"Forget it," Aleman told him. "There are other farms. It just occurred to me for a moment. I hope you

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 54

enjoy it. What about your brother? Any news?"

"Nothing."

Of course not. Aleman stubbed some ash from his cigar. There had been moments during these past two days while the Tanner place was being searched so intensively, when tension had held him like a vice, and he had had to tell himself that if the cave had not been discovered in seventeen years the odds were against it being found now. After all, it wasn't a natural cave, no one could expect to find it there; and no one was alive who knew it even existed. But the possibility could not be denied that, with so many people combing the district, someone might stumble on it by chance today, tomorrow—any time.

As long as people believed that it had been Reid Brisson's intention to climb in the Hochkonig massif they would keep on looking. Oh, not all the time, but at intervals; Strubb in particular would never give up. And now, as from the start, it was out of the question to remove the treasure. That half-hour stretch of rock and scree made quite a bit of climbing necessary.

It couldn't be done at night without using lights which would be seen, and during the day anyone lugging heavy boxes or suitcases across a place like that would immediately be suspect. And there was such a lot left.

During the first few years after his discovery, he had taken away very little because he hadn't been at all sure how to turn it into money without endangering himself; besides for his private needs he hadn't had to more than scratch the surface of what was there. Later, when he had learned the ropes and his needs had grown, he had gradually begun to remove more — but not much more — not at a time. You couldn't travel with your baggage full of gems and German shares. The problem had always been where to store it. The cave was the ideal place, as had been clear to those who had put the stuff there in the first place.

"I'm sorry," he said in the impersonal voice any sympathetic stranger might have used. Nothing in his face betrayed the hatred he felt for Robert — a hatred that was intensified by the fact that he was now not only the man whose articles about Argentina had convinced Aleman that Brisson was on his way to discovering their secret organisation and how it was being financed—he was also the owner of the Tanner property and the cave. Well, he had found a way to eliminate him.

"If you think it would take your mind off it," he said, "join us after dinner for poker."

"Thanks," said Robert. "Another time." And he walked into the lobby, followed by Aleman.

The clerk motioned to Robert as soon as he saw him enter. "There was a call for you about noon, from Gastein. But we couldn't find you anywhere."

Robert stepped up to the desk. For just a moment, hope swept over him like a tidal wave. "Gastein? What is it?"

The clerk cleared his throat. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brisson," and he looked away. "From the morgue. A rescue team has found a body below the Hochalmspitze." He paused, touched somehow by the pale face struggling for control, and handed Aleman the keys to his room quite automatically before he went on. "They say it . . . he looks like . . . the description they have of your brother." He swallowed, then spoke very quickly. "They want you to come over and take a look at it, maybe identify it."

"Is it too late now?"

The clerk shook his head. "No. They'll wait for you. Do you want

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• More Australian place names

Bright (Vic.)

From John Bright, British politician and orator. It is interesting that his name should have been bestowed, since he was an unpopular opponent of the Crimean campaign, and settlers in Australia were busy sprinkling the new maps with battle names (for example, Alma, Malakoff, Inkerman, Sebastopol, all in Victoria).

Muswellbrook (N.S.W.)

Once called Musclebrook. So called on account of mussels (muscles) in creek.

Tamborine (Q.)

A closer spelling to the native word would be Tchambreen, a name given to the wild lime tree.

Swan Point (W. Aust.)

In honor of Captain Swan of the "Cygnet," under whom Dampier served. Nearby Cygnet Bay was visited by the "Cygnet" in 1688. On board her as a common sailor was William Dampier, buccaneer and early navigator.

Darke's Peak (S.A.)

After John Charles Darke, who was killed by blacks, the spear going right through his body. His companions, unable to fulfil a promise to take his body to Port Lincoln, buried it there and burnt a patch over the grave to prevent molestation by natives. Darke helped lay out Melbourne, Geelong, and Williamstown (Vic.).

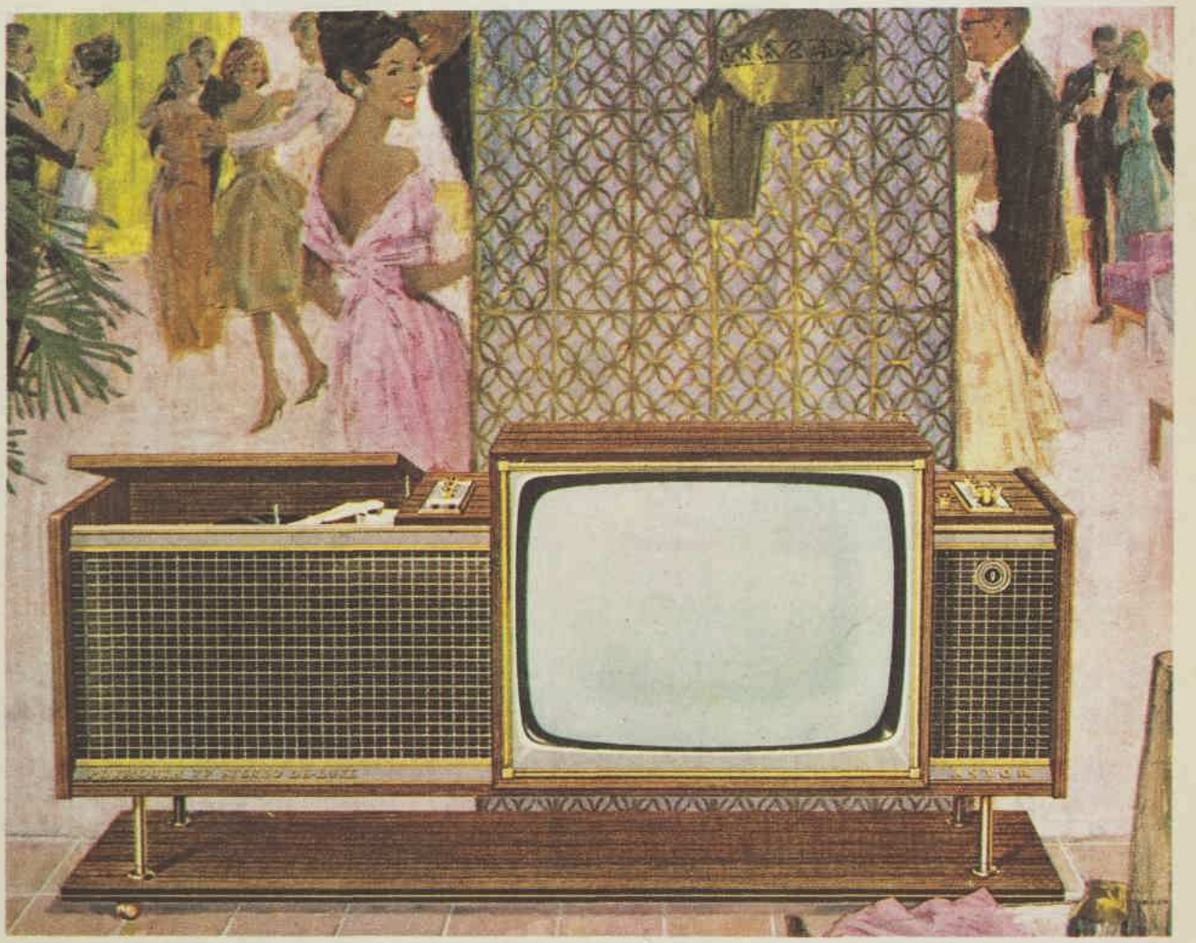
D'Entrecasteaux Channel (Tas.)

Joseph Antoine Bruny d'Entrecasteaux, the French navigator, was the discoverer of the Derwent. He had a happy meeting with the native women, although he described the men as surly. There is a record of his attempt to secure from a native girl his first kangaroo skin in exchange for a pair of pantaloons.

In the d'Entrecasteaux Channel, 1835, was wrecked the convict vessel George III. Of 208 male prisoners aboard, 120 lost their lives. Shots were fired to keep the prisoners below deck.

Stockinbingal (N.S.W.)

After a pastoral holding of that name.



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

HOUSE IN PERTH is built in cream bricks with dark mortar joints; chocolate tiles cover the roof, giving it an eye-catching appearance.

● Geared to a young family's needs, this week's plan No. 504 features patios at back and front and veers away from open planning, with the living-room as a separate entity.

THE wide patio at the back and smaller patio in front give ample space for entertaining outside and provide safe play areas for children. A gay touch would be to lay mosaic tiles on the rear patio, forming an ideal and unusual barbecue area.

The entrance is through the patio into a wide hall bounded on one side by the living-room, on the other by the kitchen. A small alcove on the right-hand side of the hall serves as telephone recess.

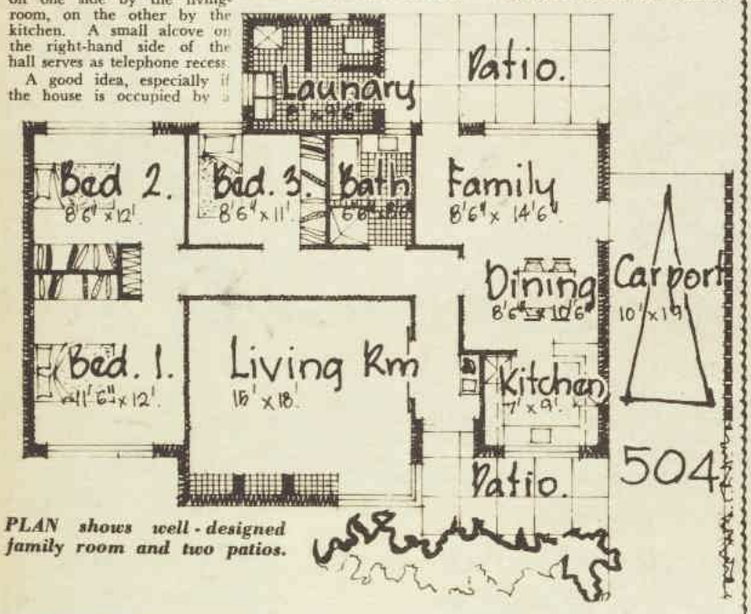
A good idea, especially if the house is occupied by a family with young children, is the family-dining-room, because this provides easily supervised play space.

An unusual feature is the kitchen, which faces front, thus giving that room a very pleasant outlook. The kitchen is well equipped, with plenty of work space and light.

A room-divider could be put between the kitchen and the dining area, if desired.

Three bedrooms with fitted cupboards form the sleeping area, accommodating an average-sized family of four, but bunks could be put in at least one of the rooms if there are several children.

Both the bathroom and adjacent laundry (in which there is a separate toilet) are tiled for easy maintenance. Wisely chosen, these floors can highlight a good color scheme.



PLAN shows well-designed family room and two patios.

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Continued from page 55

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

me to call up and say you're on your way?"

"Please." Robert turned on his heels and went back to the parking lot from which he had just come. Of course. There it was . . . what Strubb had warned him of. This was the fact on which he had had to count. And yet . . .

He drove through the early evening, trying to brace himself to face Reid's dead body. It was beginning to rain softly, just as the old woman had predicted. When he turned into Gastein, the streets of the old spa were almost deserted, as if the sick, who had been coming here since Roman times to cure their rheumatism and other illnesses, had vanished, just as the emperor, his court, and other royalties who had frequented this resort, had disappeared, leaving only the untitled rich and thousands of tourists to seek relief from pain, to climb the surrounding mountains, or to ski. But it was so still only because everyone was at dinner.

At the waterfall, spraying across the sidewalk, Robert stopped to ask an old man, who was staring up at the tremendous height from which the water cascaded, the way to the morgue. After a moment, taken aback, the man pointed the way. It wasn't far. An officer was waiting for him, nodded when Robert introduced himself, and asked him to follow him. He nodded to the officer standing at the head of the table, waiting considerately for him to give the sign when he was ready to face the corpse.

BUT it wasn't Reid. It was a stranger. A tall, blond man, like Reid in his middle thirties. But not Reid. Just a blond, young man. "No. It's not my brother."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely."

"I am glad, sir. Thank you for having come." The sheet fell back, the light was turned out, and Robert followed the man into his office, filled out some papers, and found himself in his car again, driving through the rain down the long, winding, empty road.

He was going very fast, too fast. He knew it, but he didn't care. Senseless anger and grief combined to make him reckless, and a depression, so deep he couldn't fight it, filled him. The mangled body he had just seen seemed to have fastened itself to the windshield. Reid would look like that if he was ever found, his body broken, the neck no longer able to support the weight of his head. Accident or murder — what did it matter? What did anything matter?

He rounded a curve and, like something in a dream, saw a truck — a big truck — standing in the middle of the road. Robert braked as hard as he could, the little car swerved wildly, almost across the road and over the embankment, then almost into the truck; then he had control of it again and could stop. He jumped out, looking for the driver and found him standing beside the raised hood, poking at the motor by the beam of a flashlight.

"Have you gone crazy?" Robert yelled. "Have you completely lost your head? What do you mean by parking your truck in the middle of the road in a curve without any lights on?"

"There's a light," said the man, a big, sturdy fellow. "I can't help it if you didn't see." He scowled. "Seems she's run out of gas and I was supposed to deliver this load tonight."

Had he overlooked the tail-light? Robert shrugged. "Well, get your truck to the side or there may be an accident."

"Who's going to move it?" asked the man. "You? I've tried and it won't budge an inch."

"I'll give you a hand. Let's try together."

Robert walked around the car and there was the tail-light he hadn't seen. It was his fault. Lost in thought he had driven too fast. He leaned against the truck with his whole weight. "Come on. Where are you?"

"Coming," said the man. "Coming."

Maybe it was because he couldn't hear the driver's steps, maybe just a sudden inexplicable feeling that something was wrong made him duck, and the heavy iron bar smashed into the truck instead of on his head. The next moment the driver was on top of him.

It had been years since Robert had been in a fight, years since he had been attacked by an outraged Japanese in Tokyo, but after he had narrowly escaped death he had realised how necessary it was to be able to defend himself if he was going to report as he pleased about countries and people. [illegible] didn't like his point of [illegible] So he had taken lessons in [illegible] jitsu. And now, seemingly from nowhere, the knowledge came back, and all the [illegible] and grief and frustration [illegible] had built up in him [illegible] Reid's disappearance [illegible] hadn't been satisfied [illegible] merely driving at breakneck speed finally found a vent.

THE man [illegible] savagely, as if he sensed [illegible] a feeling of terror that [illegible] opponent drew strength [illegible] a source that had nothing [illegible] do with physical superiority [illegible] and against which [illegible] he might do would be useless. And it was this that in the end gave Robert a chance [illegible] reach for the iron pipe [illegible] crack it across the [illegible] chest. For a few minutes [illegible] it was all over, Robert [illegible] mained kneeling on the [illegible] slippery road, breathing [illegible] fully, heavily, his eyes [illegible] ming, his throat aching [illegible] the strangling grip of [illegible] driver's hands, his [illegible] confused.

But when his mind cleared he knew that what had happened had not been an accident, not a sudden decision on the part of the driver to hold up a tourist, but a planned attack on his life.

He lugged the man by [illegible] legs to the car, and into the back seat. He stopped [illegible] once on his way to Zell at a filling station, to tell the attendant about the [illegible] truck, and to call Strubb.

A little later he reached Zell and the gendarmerie. Strubb was waiting in the [illegible] of the building. He took one look at Robert and [illegible]

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Notice to Contributors

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

head. "I think you'd better see a doctor."

"I'm all right," Robert told him. "But he might be dead for all I know."

"That would be a pity," Strubb said dryly. "I was looking forward to questioning him." He opened the door of the car and peered at the truck driver. "Never seen him before. Well, let's get him to the hospital, and you, too."

Time passed slowly, time during which a nurse bandaged a gash in Robert's neck where a stone had cut him, made him lie down, and gave him something to eat and drink. "No sleeping pill," Robert warned her. "I want to be as wide awake as possible."

At intervals, Strubb looked in on him, once to ask who had known that Robert was going to Gastein, the second time to tell Robert that there seemed to be nothing fishy about the call from the morgue. The body brought in had fitted the description of Reid Brisson, and the hotel had been notified accordingly. The third time a male nurse came in to say that the truck driver was coming-to. Most of his ribs were broken and his neck was badly wrenched, but he could talk, and the inspector would prefer to interrogate the man for a while alone.

THERE was a guard at the door of the room in which the truck driver lay when Robert was finally called. The man was lying on a narrow hospital bed, the upper half of his naked body heavily taped. He no longer looked helpless or stupid. He stared at Robert with narrowed eyes, as if he couldn't believe even now that a man built so much less powerfully than he could have overpowered him. "I told you," Strubb said, "that Mr. Brisson was alive and could swear that you attacked him. Will you tell us now who hired you to kill him?"

The man didn't answer. Strubb turned to Robert. "His name is Rudolf Schmidt. He's from Graz. He swears that you came at him and tried to kill him because he almost caused you to smash up. He insists he acted in self-defence. Nobody ordered him to park the truck in the middle of the road and wait for you there."

Robert stepped up to the bed. "But you wouldn't say that under oath, would you?" he asked softly. "You aren't such a fool, are you, Schmidt?" He held out a cigarette. "What do you know about Reid Brisson?"

The man ignored the cigarette and the question. "Reid Brisson," Robert repeated. "Ever heard the name?"

"I asked him that," said Strubb. "He won't talk. All I've been able to get out of him is what I've just told you." But the man had to be made to talk, and for a horrifying moment, Robert felt that all means, any means, would be justified to make the truck driver speak. He said in English to Strubb, "Have you tried everything to get him off guard?"

And it was then that the man lifted himself on his elbow and shouted, "Down with foreigners, liberals, reds, and all other races!"

In spite of the fury with which he spat out the words, he pronounced them clearly, in a way that made it obvious he wasn't using them for the first time. Strubb's eyes narrowed. "Looks as if we have a political agitator here," he murmured. "They almost ruined the season for us last year in South Tyrol."

"Go on," Robert said to the man. "I'm interested to know what makes you hate so deeply that you're ready to kill on orders from a man you don't even know."

The man's lips parted as if he were going to answer, then closed again tightly. And Robert realised that, after he had failed and found himself cornered, his outburst had been an automatic escape into something that had been drilled into him.

"Who gave the orders?" Strubb asked again, and fleetingly it occurred to Robert that this attack on his life might have nothing to do with Reid, but might perhaps finally be the threat to his life come true. Perhaps the chance to kill him in Europe had seemed easier to his anonymous enemies than to attempt the crime in the United States; it would look as if it had nothing to do with politics if a tourist met with an accident on a winding mountain road in Austria. Then he dismissed the idea — not because it was so improbable but because, if the attempt on his life were somehow connected with Reid, there was still hope of finding out what had happened to his brother.

Strubb was staring at the man as if he were trying to hypnotise him. "If you would turn State witness," he said slowly, penetratingly, but the man didn't even let him finish. In a climax of frustrated rage he spat at the inspector before he turned his face to the wall.

"These fanatics," Robert began, outside in the corridor, but Strubb interrupted him. "I know. But if it's the last thing I do, I'll find the people behind Rudolf Schmidt. It may not bring your brother back, but at least we'll find out if there is any connection between his disappearance and the attack on you." He swung sharply to the right and toward the room in which Robert had been treated.

"You'd better sleep here tonight," he said. "There's nothing

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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you can do now, and I want you in a safe place."

"Nonsense!"

"You do as I say." Strubb spoke with authority, an authority that had deepened since the attack on Robert had proved the theories he had had all along to be correct. "Besides, I want to keep the whole thing secret as long as I can."

When Robert woke up, dawn was just breaking. He had slept deeply, dreamlessly, and felt strangely refreshed and unburdened by recollection, until he realised the meaning of the narrow little room, the bare walls, the high bed, the coarse shirt he was wearing instead of his pyjamas, and his memory began to work full speed. With it came a strange restlessness. He dressed and managed to get out of the hospital without being stopped or questioned. Something stronger than he made him move, almost like a sleepwalker.

He got into his car, which was stained with dry blood and smelled oddly of the many cigarettes he had smoked going to and coming from Gastein, and of the man he had thrown like a lifeless bundle in the back. The roads were still wet, but it had stopped raining and the sun was trying to break through. He passed through Zell and drove through Dienten and up to the farm. But only when he turned off the motor was he fully conscious of his surroundings. Had he come here to see Christine? He didn't know. The geraniums at the windows of the old farmhouse looked like blood. Behind them nothing was moving. Everyone was still asleep. The dog, chained outside, barked once, then was silent.

Robert began to walk up the hill to the first meadow, through a stretch of trees — birches, firs, and larch — across the second meadow, another stand of trees, a third, and on until the leaf trees fell back and only the silky larches were left.

Somewhere a bird was singing. A little later he reached the meadow where old Lise lived. And there she was sitting, her wide old straw hat shading her face, her bare feet planted wide in the cool grass. Next to her sat another woman, a scarf wound around her head, milking a cow. "My," she was saying, "it's a long time since I've milked. I forgot how hard it is on the thumb. Would Hannes let me do an iota of work? No. Not a thing. I got so bored."

The old woman again, of course. She had mentioned she might visit someone called Lise.

"You don't have to run away," Lise said. "It's only Chris' young man."

"I know him," the woman said, and laughed. "Mr. Brisson and I are old friends, aren't we?"

"Indeed we are." Robert smiled when he saw Lise's incredulous eyes. "But don't tell a soul."

"Oh, I'm safe up here," the woman said. "As safe as in Abraham's lap. Have some milk," and she dipped a ladle into the pail of still warm, frothy milk.

He drank and moved on, climbing up to where the first spurs of the mountain showed grey above the grass. For two whole days they had searched this neighborhood, but found nothing. He reached the cliff beneath which a sudden abyss yawned and lay down on the

Continued from page 57

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

green grass, not thinking anything, just watching the sun climb higher and higher, and the sky darkening to a deeper blue, and as he lay there quietly, his knees drawn up, his arms folded under his head, with nothing around him but the sky — a feeling of peace came over him. The peace of acceptance? No.

Rather a feeling of revelation, of knowing something he hadn't known before — that he cared more for life than he had been aware of. If his life hadn't been challenged last night he might never have known it. But his life had been challenged before and he hadn't reacted to it like this. Where was the difference? And it came to him slowly that, whatever he had done, he had looked at it as something anyone could do — a little worse, a little better — but now suddenly there were things only he could do.

One was to find Reid's murderers, the other to make Christine happy. I'll stay, he decided. I'll stay until I've done both. I can finish off my assignment right here. I always thought the articles might make a book. What other people have written until now has never been taken seriously enough. I might be able to write something to which they'd listen. I can take a leave of absence. But first I must get to the bottom of what happened to Reid.

. . . .

Several times during the past few days — he had set aside a nut for each one, to keep track of them — Anton had crawled through the rock and scree that blocked the entrance to his little cave to see if all was clear so that he could go out for some milk. And every time he had looked there had been someone around. The place was crawling with people, and he had withdrawn, his heart beating wildly in his throat, his palms wet. What if they discovered his hideout? Then he tried to calm himself by thinking that this was not likely to happen. None of the men were small enough to worm their way into an opening only he could use.

But now he had run out of everything to drink, and the man in the big cave was in bad shape. He was unconscious for hours at a stretch; even then he moaned, and when he talked nothing he said made sense. The question still was — should Anton leave him to die or should he give away his hiding-place, crawl out and go to the gendarmerie, or, as the man had said over and over again on that first day when Anton had found and almost killed him, "Go to Robert . . . to Robert Brisson." Or was he getting the names mixed up? Had the dying man said, "Aleman . . . at the Nepomuk?" Well, it didn't matter, because he would never go to the Nepomuk.

First things first, thought Anton, and the first thing was to get them something to drink. Then he could decide what to do. If in the end he decided to rob himself of the only safe and private place he had in the world, he would put the container with milk next to the dying man and make his way down to the Tanner house and perhaps talk to Chris, or he could go to the Mother Superior and ask her advice. But whatever he told, the results would be the same — they would find out about the cave.

Once he had made up his mind that it was the milk which mattered most, Anton began to crawl. He stuck his little head out of the opening like a lizard, ready to slide back out of sight at the slightest noise. How good it felt to breathe the cool, clean air! He wished he could grab it and carry some of it back to the man. The air was really foul down there, although the cave in which the man lay got more air than his.

Carefully he emerged. No one to be seen; not a sound to be heard. He began to brush off the dirt, reflecting whether he should risk scrambling down the rocks and crossing the meadow above Lise's house, where he might be seen, or climb up the rocks to the top of the cliff where the goats sometimes grazed. He decided on the latter. A few yards to the left and across a ledge there were more rocks that were not too hard to climb.

Anton took off his shoes and set out. A loose stone. Watch it, he told himself. You don't want to be hit on the head. Another. Anton ducked. Another. He had forgotten about them. If only they didn't make so much noise when they hit the rocks below!

When the second stone hit bottom, Robert looked up. The goats must have loosened some stones. But the cows were still on the meadow below him, and the goats were playing quite some distance from the cliff he was lying on that jutted out into nothing.

Knowing how treacherous grass could be when still wet from rain or heavy dew, he moved toward the edge, inching forward carefully until he could look down, and there, only a few feet below him, probing for a foothold, stood the young man who looked like a very old one, Anton, Anton who had disappeared. He was stretching up, his fingers touching, grasping, probing, his eyes scanning the rock above him, and, seeing Robert, he screamed, and screamed again as he fell — a high-pitched scream of terror.

Later Robert could never recall how long he had lain there too paralysed to move, but before he rose he had realised that there was no way of getting down to Anton without equipment, and unless he wanted to risk his own neck. When he moved, he ran as he had never run before. Lise and the old woman met him before he reached Lise's house. "Are you all right? We heard a scream. Who screamed?"

"Anton."

"You mean the little fellow the Germans made behave like a dog? The one with the white hair and the stutter?" Lise was looking up at the cliff that jutted out into nowhere. "He sometimes hides up there. What happened?"

"He fell. I've got to get help," and Robert ran on.

But it was only when they brought Anton in, his neck broken, and Strubb turned up

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★★★★★★★★ AS I READ ★★★★★★★★ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, week starting July 15.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, lilac, white. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Love quarrels and romantic squalls are indicated for the 17th. Also there are accident influences. The 21st is adverse for romance, and on that day keep an eye on spending.

TAURUS
APR. 21-May 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, rose, jade. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Beware of financial losses, business that could go awry, and emotional rough water on Friday. Married folk could face disharmony in the home on the 21st through misunderstandings.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ A tendency to edginess and to jump the gun might get your personal affairs snarled up on the 17th. And the 21st is certainly not your day — trivial little things could easily go wrong.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green hoops. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ It would be advisable to postpone important letters and guard against rash utterances on the 17th. Home trouble could occur on the 21st. Rest of the week could be quite pleasant.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ You could find the 17th a tense and testing day — evening does not favor love, romance, entertaining, or the social round. You'll need to work your mental controls on Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tan, white. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Judgment could go astray on the 17th and even your usually poised personality could go out of orbit. You'll find the 21st another upsetting day. Trouble with friends could arise.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.

★ That celebrated love of peace and harmony, and the flair for taking the middle way, will come in very handy on the evening of the 17th and the 21st. Your good sense should help you.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ You could strike trouble with a friend on the 17th. Plan is to keep to yourself as much as you can. Keep an eye open, career-wise, on the 21st. Try no new thing.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ This could turn out to be a jittery week for you. Purple patches occur on the 17th and the 21st. Don't tangle with legal matters — be level-headed. Use that sense of humor.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ If you are involved in litigation, the 17th is unfavorable and unsympathetic. Romance and friendship come under fire on the 21st. You'll need all your tact.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, stripes. Lucky days, Thur., Sunday.

★ The stars do not smile down on romance and courting on the 17th. There's a domestic spat going on in the heavens that could adversely affect you. The 21st is bad also.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Much marital discord is shown on the 17th when a conjunction of Mars and Venus has unpleasant repercussions. The 21st is also a nervy day. Beware of accident and mishap.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Robert to ask exactly where he had seen Anton, that Robert recalled the words, "He sometimes hides up there." "Come on, I'll show you. Anyway, I want to look myself."

Strubb seemed perplexed. "I wonder what sort of hiding place he had. Couldn't have been a cave. There aren't any caves around here. Now in the Dachstein group, and in the Steinerness Meer, and around Lend . . ." but he was just talking to get over his disappointment. He was certain now that Anton had known something about the fire in which Annette Huber had been killed, and that the boy had run away to avoid being questioned. But he was talking also to distract Robert. Brisson looked terrible. He'd been through a lot this week.

They climbed up in silence, but when they reached the top, Strubb asked, "Who told you Anton used to hide somewhere up here?"

Robert couldn't remember whether it had been Lise or her friend. "The old women," he said.

"What old women?"

"Lise . . . and I don't know who the other one is. She lived here years ago and for some reason or other never had a chance to come back until yesterday. I met her in New York."

STRUBB sighed. "Helen Schreiber. I saw her last night in the cemetery. I was taking some flowers to my wife's grave, and there she was, looking at the tombstones, crying. I pretended not to see her. She moved to Argentina shortly after the war was over. She had a daughter there, or a son. Now, where did you see Anton?"

"He was standing just below here."

Robert pointed to the spot below the edge of the cliff. Strubb secured a hook and, pulling the rope around between his legs to form a seat, lowered himself about twenty yards —then Robert saw the rope jerk abruptly. "What is it?"

But Strubb didn't answer. His face was pressed to the rock, his hands were groping . . . touching . . . suddenly he disappeared.

There are moments when, without warning, reality becomes a nightmare and a nightmare reality.

. . . .

Even as he knelt beside Reid, Robert was unable to decide what was imagination, what truth. There, caught in the beam of Strubb's flashlight, were the smashed limbs, the pale, lifeless face, the eyelids that didn't move, the mouth that no longer seemed to hold breath, just like the man he had seen last night at the morgue, just like Anton. But the truth, so unbelievable, was that Reid was still alive. His heart was beating, very faintly, very irregularly, but beating.

Neither Strubb nor Robert spoke, only their glances met, then the inspector disappeared, trying, even in his hurry to get help, to avoid making any noise that might disturb the miracle life was demonstrating here. And as he knelt beside his brother, all Robert could say and repeat stupidly over and over again was, "It's all right, Reid! Everything's going to be all right."

It was almost three hours later before Robert returned to the cave. Two gendarmes were sitting on the grass above the steep wall of the cliff over which Robert had crawled to see Anton fall to his death. They were smoking and talking, but sprang to attention when they saw him approach. One handed him several typed lists, inventories of the boxes, which Strubb must have had made from the originals in the meantime; the other asked if Robert wanted him to climb down into the rock cave with him. But Robert shook his head. He preferred to be alone.

For a long time he sat, legs pulled up, arms hugging his knees, at the spot where Reid had been found. There were a few empty film rolls on the floor, betraying the fact that a photographer had taken pictures, but otherwise, though every box had apparently been opened and examined, everything had been put back the same way. Robert smiled. Good old Strubb.

He picked up the little pail that had stood next to Reid and turned it around in his hands, almost with a caress. If it hadn't been for Anton, Reid would have died. But at what point had Anton found Reid? The day after the fire? Probably. And how long had Reid lain here, torn with pain, before Anton had discovered him?

There were so many questions, and none of them had been answered. Only once, in the ambulance to Gastein, had Reid opened his eyes, looked at Robert as if it were the most natural thing in the world to find his brother sitting next to him, and murmured, "Sorry. I fumbled badly," and sunk back into a coma.

. . . .

The doctors at the hospital were pretty sure he'd pull through, but had advised against any attempts to make him speak until the specialist, called in from Vienna, would arrive. "Sorry, I fumbled badly." Robert could hear Reid's voice, impersonal even in its weakness, and he almost laughed, remembering that there had been a few moments during which he had imagined Reid involved with crooks.

But Strubb had been correct in

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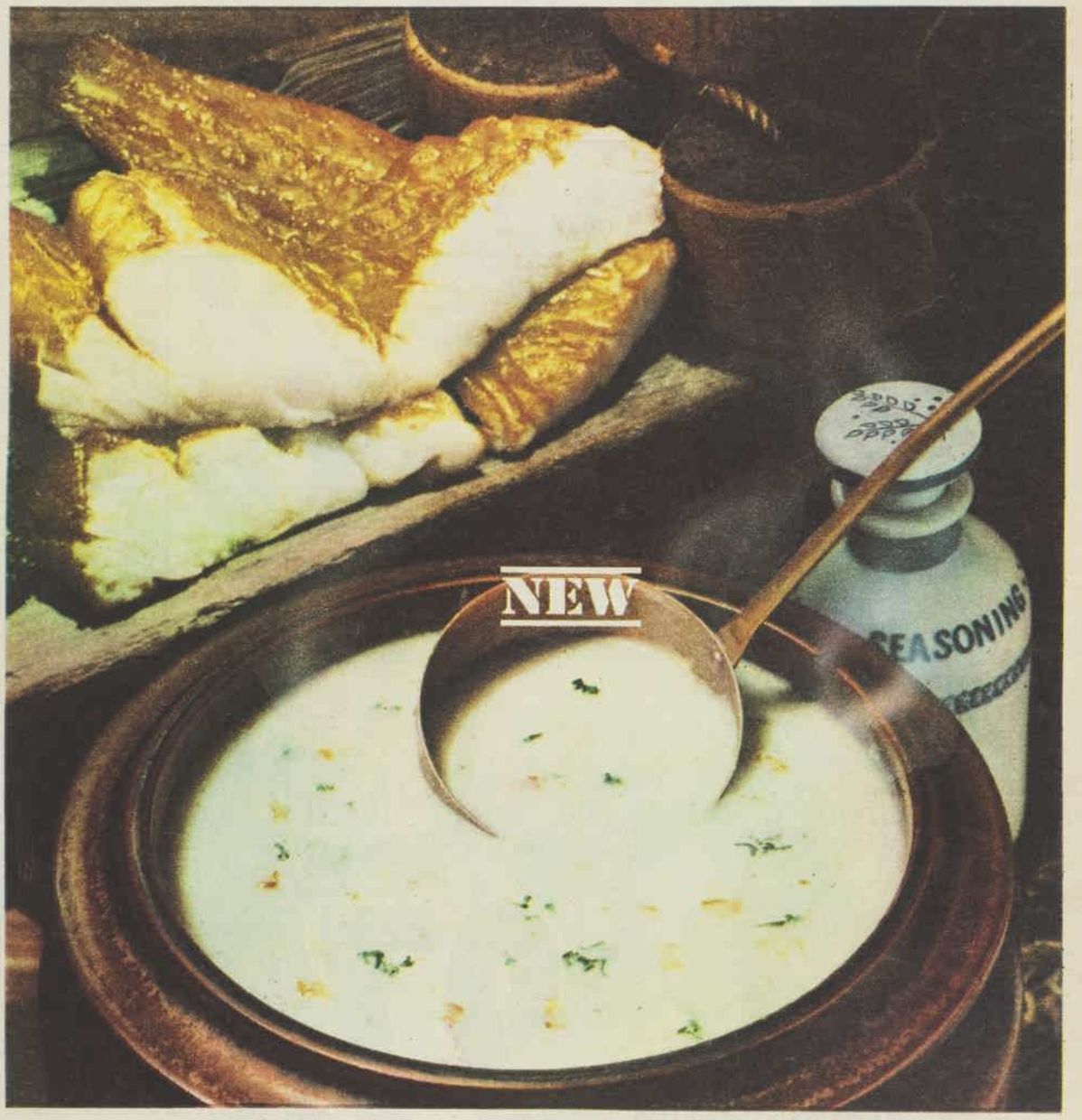
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD



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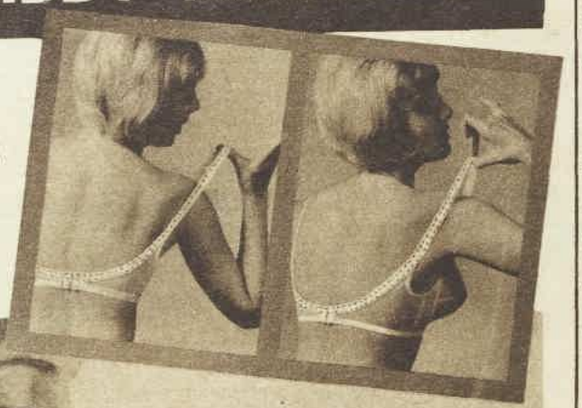

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WOOLWORTHS

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 59

his assumption that Reid had stumbled on some dangerous knowledge. Why hadn't Reid gone to the police at once? There must have been time and opportunity, otherwise he couldn't have made the call to New York. And then, suddenly, Robert could answer the question—because of him, because Reid had wanted him to be the first to know.

Now Robert laughed — laughter that was close to tears. Had Reid never given a thought to the fact that he could have been watched entering the cave, that to keep his knowledge to himself until Robert got there might cost him his life? Reid had taken the risk in order to present his brother with a sensational story — the discovery of loot stolen from Hitler victims, boxes full of shares, boxes glittering with gold ingots, boxes full of gems, the property of thousands of persecuted people. Well, all that would have to be attended to later. What mattered now was to find the man who had left Reid there for dead.

Mechanically, Robert began to examine the lists he had been handed. All of them were alike, methodically listing the contents of every box; only one, near the end, seemed to be a record of things removed, shares, each share entered with the date when and to whom it had been sold; and some of the items on which the money had been spent were listed, too, starting with a trip to Vienna for two, two plane tickets to Argentina, a long stay in Switzerland, another in France; what it had cost to legally adopt the name of a relative: the expenses for a house, an apartment, a hotel suite, cars, servants, on and on to the financing and founding of various clubs which sounded harmless enough, membership lists, and then, not so harmless — the cost of arms, munitions. Other trips, a hotel bill from Vienna, the sum paid for the acquisition of a cafe, a sum paid to a man called George . . .

"George?" Robert spoke the name aloud, as if by pronouncing it he could make George materialise. George. There were millions of Georges. Why should this name on the list make him pause? He looked at it again. There was a date. No—just the place and the year — Vienna, 1955.

TANNER'S trial. The man who had sworn under oath that already on other occasions Tanner had handed him material for the Russians, the man Robert had seen near the door of Tanner's apartment — George Leiter.

The list dropped from Robert's hands. He was crazy, of course, but—could there be a connection? A connection between the George mentioned on the list and the man Tanner had sworn he had never seen.

The deeds to this farm . . . why had it taken such a long time to have them cleared? Because the cave lay on the Tanner property? Had Tanner been framed because the man who knew about the cave was trying to prevent anyone living there?

He rose and walked over to the long row of open boxes. There was one filled to the brim with diamonds broken from their settings, diamonds worth millions. He stuck his hand into the cold blue-white stones absentmindedly. Christine's voice, "He also loved the farm . . . he used to hunt up there. I remember when we first came . . . stopped by to ask Papa if he would mind . . . "But that was impossible. Just another of his crazy hunches. The excitement swept through him.

He withdrew his hand abruptly and a stone that had wedged between his fingers dropped to the ground. He picked it up, a large beautiful stone; a large beautiful stone such as he had seen on an old woman's arthritic hand; an old woman who had run away, who was afraid of her grandson, who didn't want anyone to know that she had returned to Zell and Strubb mentioning something about her having moved to Argentina. "Oh, was the man mad when he heard the farm had been sold . . . He might be in Salzburg when the plane lands and send me right back . . . She moved to Argentina; she had a daughter there . . ." The voice rang louder and louder until they blended into a crescendo — Aleman, Aleman, Aleman.

HELEN SCHULTZBER was in Line's kitchen searing the last small feather from a fat chicken when Robert entered and walked up to her. At once he saw the ring he had found so incongruous on her arthritic hand, lying next to her on the primitive sink. He picked it up. "Is it real?"

"Bite on it and you'll see," she said. "I'd rather have had an epitot, the brown stone, you know, that come from around here and are so hard to cut. But Hannes insisted."

Hannes — Jose, Robert thought. Not even very original. "Hannes," he repeated. "That's the name of your grandson, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"Hannes what?"

"Schultz."

"Schultz," he repeated. "You're sure he doesn't have another name?"

"My daughter married a man called Schultz, they had one son. It figures, doesn't it?"

"A lot of people take other names; for instance — Aleman."

She knifed the chicken open deftly, but her hand, pulling out the fowl's entrails, trembled. "I don't know any one who calls himself Aleman."

"Jose Aleman," said Robert.

She shook her head. "What's the idea of coming here and confusing an old woman? His name's Hannes Schultz."

"The country you came away from," Robert went on as if he hadn't heard, "was Argentina. Why did you come away?"

"That's none of your business."

"If you won't tell me, I'll ask your grandson."

She swung around then, her eyes wide and horrified. In efforts of pretence wiped from her face. "Did you see him? Is he still around? Where? Did you tell him about me?" And suddenly, apparently mad with fear, she lifted a knife. "You gave me your word you wouldn't. Did you? Did you?"

He took the knife from her and pushed her gently into the old rocking-chair which stood between sink and table. "Not yet. But I will, unless you tell me all you know."

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A dull desperation replaced e terror in her eyes. "He'll at me away again," she hispered.

"Put you away?"

"In that dreadful place. h, you don't know how rrible it was." She shudered. "The barred windows, st like in a prison. And the oms . . . cells, they were . ."

At the airport in Idlewild, had thought she might be little cracked, now he was nvinced she was absolutely ne. "Why did your grand-n put you in the asylum?"

THE dullness left r eyes and was replaced by ar. "I don't know," she id. "I don't know. I liked m at first; he seemed a nice ungster when he came to it us, even though he was st like the rest of them, ose Nazis . . . but you n't really blame a boy for anting to be like his father. let him take me to Argenna because I wanted to see y daughter, and there was thing to eat here, and beuse he promised I could me back after a few months, t when the time came, he uldn't hear of it. If it dn't been for my daughter, I never have got out.

"But somehow she managed it for me. She sold some the jewellery he had given er. Oh, he was very generas. He took us all away om Maipu, where my ughter's husband — God st his soul—had been workng, to Mar del Plata, right the sea, only I don't like sea. We had a big house d servants and cars . . . he ve large sums of money ay to all sorts of charities I he was always ready to p people with cash or ns."

"But why did he put you ay? If you tell me everyng, you'll never have to see ur grandson again."

Then, as if she had suddnly decided she might as ll tell all she knew, since bert had found out that e Aleman was her grand, she straightened up in r chair.

"I eavesdropped on him, t just once, many times. ere were so many strange ngs going on. He'd lock nself in his room for hours d talk into a little machine. ell, if you stick a glass been your ear and the wall u can understand quite a more than you would terwise. I thought I wasn't ring right, but I can tell —what he was saying into t little machine sounded ctly like Hitler's speeches. it as crazy. Then he'd take se little spools out and put m in envelopes and mail m.

"Not many people came to house, mostly he went to m, but sometimes late at ht men would come, and re were a few who looked ctly like the ones whose tures I'd seen in the papers, t they were supposed to be d. And they'd stick their ds together and talk and k and talk. I couldn't make d or tail of it. All I could I was—they were out to ke trouble, not in Argen, mind you—in Europe. was all about how Gerany had to become a great wer again. And one day told him—I said I'd ough trouble, and if he t on meddling with those rmans I'd . . ."

"You'd what?" Robert ted.

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

"It was stupid of me, I know," said the old woman, "but it never occurred to me to be afraid of my own grandson. Somehow you always see them as youngsters. You never think they could do you any harm. I told him I'd write a letter to the gendarmerie in Zell, or maybe directly to Vienna, and tell them where they could find some of the men they'd been looking for for years, men that should have been hanged years ago. I couldn't help it . . . the idea of all the money he was handing out to those men . . . it gave me the shivers. What a dangerous thing a tongue is, just like a wild horse — it runs away with you. You mean to say a little and before you know it — it's too late. Yes. That's why he had me locked up."

Robert stared at her without seeing her. Here it was — the proof he had been looking for in Argentina when he had tried to track down the militant group that was rumored to be financed by fortunes stolen from Hitler victims.

. . . .

Aleman's suite at the Nepomuk gave out on to a large balcony that overlooked the lake. A pleasant place to have breakfast. Aleman was having breakfast now.

When there was a knock at the door, he expected it to be the waiter he had sent for an extra pot of coffee, and he didn't look up from his paper until Strubb and Robert were standing in front of him. For just a moment, the sight of Robert Brisson made his mouth go dry. Something had gone wrong. Either there had been no chance for the truck driver to kill him or . . then he relaxed.

Even if the truck driver had talked, the thread linking Aleman to the man who had actually given the order was so tenuous as to be almost undetectable. It could never be traced.

"Good morning, gentlemen. What gives me the honor?"

"You're under arrest," said Strubb.

Arrest . . . it was a word Aleman had always dreaded, a big word with consequences one could not foresee. It stabbed through him like a knife. But he was innocent. He had to keep in mind that no one could connect him with any attempt on Brisson's life.

He grinned as if the inspector had made a joke, lopped off the top of his egg with one quick stroke of his knife, and said, "What have I done now? Parked overtime? Fished without a permit?"

ALEMAN glanced at the two men standing at his table. What had they discovered, he asked himself as coldly as if he were asking it aloud. Nothing about the cave, nothing about Reid Brisson, nothing in connection with the attack on Robert — of all that he was sure.

But it might have something to do with the fire. Well, what if they had found out that he had been there? A man could drop a cigarette and not know that it had caused a blaze. Why shouldn't he have had an affair with Annette Huber which, as a married man, he had wished to keep secret? Had the girl talked? Funny — he would have sworn that he could have trusted her discretion. But women . . . they gossiped. Had Annette after all mentioned that Reid Brisson had spent a night in her house, and that he had brought him there? And how would he explain that? Time, thought Aleman. What I need is time.

"You can see that I am breakfasting," he said, "and I like to do so undisturbed. I'll be at your disposal in — let's say, half an hour."

Strubb took a typewritten sheet of paper out of the inner pocket of his jacket and pushed it across the table. "I think it would be wise if you would read this before you make any further statements."

Aleman didn't even glance at the paper. "I just said I'd be with you in half an hour."

"I'd like to save that time," Strubb said quietly. "That's why we had a talk with your grandmother, Helene Schreiber, before we came to see you."

"My grandmother," Aleman said, "is in Argentina."

Strubb was talking nonsense. How could that old woman, safely tucked away, guarded by nurses who had strict orders never to let her out of their sight, be anywhere but in the asylum where he had put her? But now he looked at the sheet of paper. Could she have managed to write the letter she had threatened him with and got it mailed? Strubb pushed the paper closer, pointing to a signature. Aleman knew the handwriting. He began to read.

HE read his own story with the boredom of a man who had never heard of anyone called Hannes Schultz in his life. Then he shrugged. "She's been crazy for years. The doctor who committed her will be glad to confirm it any time. Poor soul." He pushed the paper away as if it were none of his concern. But something like a shudder he could barely control ran down his spine. How had she got out? Why hadn't he had her put to sleep long ago? Strange that sentimentality should have restrained him.

And his mother had helped her, that meek little woman who had never dared to speak up to his father and him.

And now at least two men were endangered. He had to warn them. Later . . . later . . . now he had first to reflect on what immediate consequences her statement might have for him.

He sat back in his chair and lit a cigar. There was only the old woman's word against his, and who would believe her? "I must warn you, Inspector, you'd better have her watched. She may become violent."

The inspector shook his head. "I don't think she will. Would you please follow me quietly."

"Follow you! I wouldn't dream of it. I think you're overstepping your authority, Inspector." He pointed to the sheet of paper. "A crazy old woman's ramblings don't suffice to issue a warrant for arrest."

For the first time then Robert moved. Until now he had stood almost motionless, his face white and hard, never taking his eyes off Aleman, watching every expression of the man's face, every gesture. When he had found Reid it had been hard to believe that his brother's shrewd judgment of people should have been so misled as to blind him to Aleman's true character.

But now, observing the man's cool, unruffled behaviour, his attitude of superiority in a situation which the man must know was hopeless, Robert understood how Reid had been fooled. Just as he had been. For he, too, hadn't recognised

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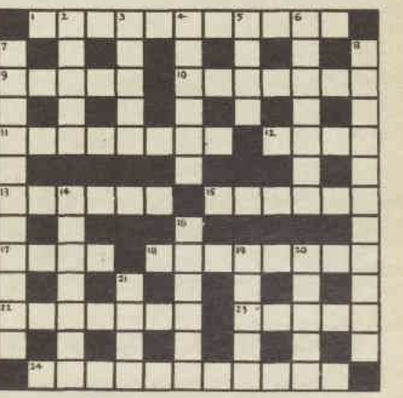
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and scientists on Earth have discovered the presence of the giant castaway who is searching for water on the moon. But they don't know where it came from or what it is. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Russian river with fish smell becoming out of date (11).
9. Garden walks (5).
10. Bad game for a caper (7).
11. Farther from the margin than the rest (8).
12. Fall in everywhere to produce a thread (4).
13. The sailor dispatched to be away (6).
15. An Indian crocodile with a drinking-cup for its head (6).
17. Covered with residuum of burning (4).
18. A cut-up rat in sight is not bent (8).
22. Animals of the weasel tribe (7).
23. Color with a row in the middle (5).
24. Estimations started by donkeys (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Be sad when founded (5).
3. The Hunter or a charged atom (5).
4. Sea leg (anagr., 6).
5. Temporary quarters in an arsenic ampoule (4).
6. Drawing nigh with a ring at the end (7).
7. Relaxes a hit (anagr., 11).
8. Making profane (11).
14. Systematic arrangements (7).
16. Stagnation of the blood (6).
19. A medical graduate and the French move at an easy pace (5).
20. Old English silver coin (5).
21. Part of the leg (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 61

in the man the hidden power of evil. Nothing in Aleman's physiognomy betrayed any of the greed, the ambition, the brutality, the willpower, and the cunning he so obviously possessed.

"Go slow," he had asked Strubb, who would have preferred to see Aleman alone, but felt Robert was entitled to be present, yet hadn't been able to grasp why Robert should want Aleman's arrest to be handled in a manner different from the usual procedure. Now, as Robert moved, Strubb moved, too. He was not going to take any chances.

Aleman noticed it and nodded at Strubb, as if he wanted to assure the inspector that he was perfectly able to take care of himself. Then he turned to Robert. "Yes," he said coolly, like a man condescending to be interviewed.

"We've found my brother. Alive."

"Congratulations," said Aleman.

They were trying to trap him. Reid Brisson was dead. Reid Brisson couldn't prove anything. They were lying. But what if it was true? Prison. Very well . . . that could be survived. Others had been imprisoned and it hadn't ruined their careers. And after a time, when things had calmed down, one could get paroled, or escape. He had to get a lawyer; he had to contact a lawyer immediately . . .

He half lifted himself out of his chair when a sudden realisation struck him like a blow and he fell back. It didn't matter if Reid Brisson was dead or alive, whether he could testify against him or not—if Reid Brisson had been found, the cave had been found. His cave. His source of power. The backbone of his existence.

Without the fortune hidden in the cave, he was finished. Oh, yes, he was rich enough without it to live a life of luxury wherever he pleased; whatever he had touched in the way of business in the past years had been successful, but that wasn't enough. It wasn't enough to finance and keep on financing those secret militant groups, training for the day when they would take over, and he, Jose Aleman . . .

"These records here," Strubb was pointing to the sheets on which Aleman had kept his accounts. Aleman stared at them. It was true. They had found the cave . . .

Annette Huber. The fire. The attack on Robert's life. The payment of quite a large sum to a man called George Leiter . . . what did it matter? The incredible fact was that, from one moment to the next, he had been reduced to nothing. He would never again give orders and see them carried out without the slightest doubt or hesitation by men who felt it was their fanatic duty to obey him; he would never sit in front of a map again and stick pins with colored heads into this or that area, this or that city, planning what should happen there, when, where; he would never command awe, enthusiasm, adoration, fear . . . the fear of others . . . his power would never openly recognised.

"They aren't important!" screamed, glaring at Strubb Robert.

How stupid they were, these bothering about a young wo being burned to death and a man's reputation being ruined whether an American lawyer been found alive or not. "Noth is important in the world, nothi nothing, but . . ."

"The movement?" asked Ro and his eyes narrowed at thought of how many people have been indoctrinated, bou bribed, armed, made into sabo and killers from the fortune in cave. One did it too much hono call it a movement. It was pub gangsterism, with cells all over world, ready to exploit anyo that came their way—native fa racial hatred, poverty, stupid bigotry, and prejudice, wor hand in hand with communism it suited their purpose.

"I don't know what you're ta ing about." Aleman rose. L someone mortally wounded, reeled past Strubb and Robert the bathroom. There was a pill, one of those little pills were supposed not to cause pain. Robert, anticipating Alem intention, rushed after him. came seconds too late. Aleman slumped to the floor.

CHRISTINE in the flowering meadow where had kissed so wildly, so unhap almost a week ago. She lay on back, her arms folded underne her head in the tall, sweet smel grass, and Robert did not see until he was close enough to the brook's little melody — the saw that she was asleep. But felt his nearness and opened eyes, blinking a little and look about her as if she had forgo they had agreed to meet here.

"Go back to sleep," he whispe and stretched out his arm for her to rest her head on, and Christ moved closer and laid her head his shoulder. There was no ne for words, and for a long neither of them interrupted silence. And even when Christ remembering that Robert had to the hospital before coming to meadow—asked how Reid was hardly stirred.

"He hasn't been able to much yet," Robert told her, the doctor says he's going to right. Anton did a surprisingly job with those splints."

"His grandfather was a shepher He learned it from him."

Again they were silent: one what the other was thinking out having to talk. "Of cour Robert said after a while, "It take a long time—months. Reid will be able to walk without pain. I don't know what to do—fly him back York as soon as he can be safely or let him recuperate But whatever he decides I be with him as much as possible."

"Of course." She nestled into the closeness of his arms. always hated to see tears in eyes," she said, "but today cried because he was so happy."

Robert stared up into the blue sky, reliving the moment he had stormed into the farm the proof of Tanner's innocence his hands, experiencing in everything that had led up to particular point, from the begin in the Tanners' miserable rooms to Aleman's body slu to the floor in the hotel bathro scene after scene, as if someone holding a kaleidoscope to his and, with each gentle shake arranging the pieces of his ever-changing shapes and c But when he looked at Christ great deal of it began to sense.

She was smiling at him. "I forgotten how beautiful life can b

"So had I," he said. "So had

The End

(The novel, "A Call From Austr is published by Hodder & Stoughton.)

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